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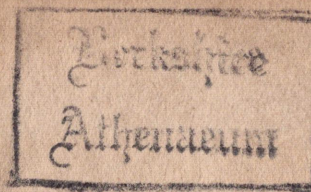
*Dup.*

# The Student's Pen



Commencement Issue

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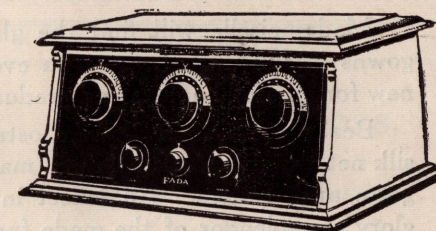
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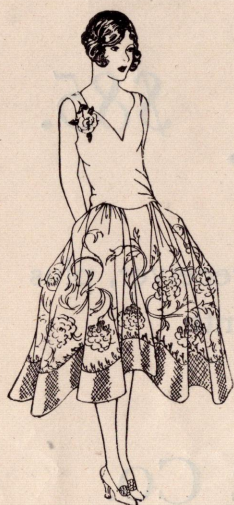
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# THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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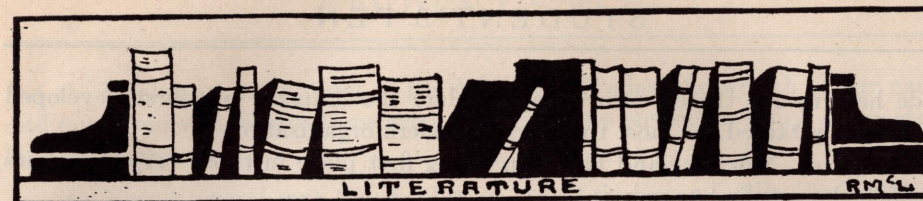
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*Like the silver, singing of the everlasting stars is the memory of a true friend. And so tomorrow, when we are alone in the darkness of night, we will look up, and remember, with loving hearts, the sincerity, and cheerfulness, and helpfulness, of our beloved advisor, Miss Marjorie Day.*

*We, the Senior Class of February, 1927, lovingly dedicate this, our commencement issue of "The Student's Pen" to our devoted advisor, Miss Marjorie Georgia Day*



### **"New England—The Mother"**

For some years past it has been our custom to have our graduation exercises center about a single theme. This year we have chosen for our subject, "New England—The Mother", first, because we, as students, recognize New England's contribution to our nation's greatness; and second, because, as future citizens, we appreciate the importance of New England's continued welfare. It is our hope that, as this section has been in the past a source of much that was fine and noble in our national life, so may it ever continue to be an inspiration that will lead our people on to even greater honors and achievements.

### **New England—Mother of Progress**

**B**ECAUSE the present, past and future affairs of New England are of such vital interest, especially to New Englanders, the purpose of the speeches tonight is threefold; to discuss the success of New England in past undertakings; to analyze her present problems; and to see what others have said concerning the future of these states.

New England, from the early days of settlement, has led the nation in the educational realm. Here the first public schools in the country were established and in 1635 Harvard University opened its doors. Today New England public schools accommodate over two million students while there are one thousand, one hundred thirty-five schools of higher education in this section alone.

New England is thus ministering to the nation and the world through her institutions of learning, and she has always sent out to the realms of finance, commerce, and politics, men who were leaders in those fields.

Commercially and industrially, New England has always been a leader. After agriculture lost its importance, New England turned to shipbuilding. Fishing and commerce followed closely. New England soon became interested in East India trade and carried on a rich commerce with this part of the world.

Close upon the homebuilding and cultivation of the soil by the Colonists, mills were set up, for which the rivers and streams furnished power. After the days of the Revolution, there was a steady growth of manufactures which closely paralleled New England expansion in commerce.

The dignity of labor, Yankee ingenuity and skill, and pride in work well done, quite as much as the earlier establishment of many industries, enabled this relatively small corner of the nation to gain the title, the "Switzerland of America"—the unmatched finishing shop of the nation.

Long established industries grew and expanded. New industries developed until no section of the country manufactured a greater diversity of products requiring trained skill and craftsmanship than did New England.

The textile industries have been almost the greatest in the entire United States. New England came rightfully by her preeminence in textile manufactures, for the very first American efforts to produce cloth in this country were

made here nearly three centuries ago. Here the industry was first developed and here it attained the most thoroughly modern organization.

However, New England has been losing first place in those very industries in which she was first to gain it.

The facilities of other sections of the country have been found to be so much better than those of New England that the industries are being moved away from these states. But New England is showing her usual perseverance in her study of the problem and is meeting the situation with optimism and courage.

*Margaret Killeen*

### **New England—Mother of States and Statesmen**

**T**HROUGHOUT the century following the coming of the Pilgrims little bands of pioneers like lonely wanderers crossed the Atlantic to the northern shores of America. They were impelled for the most part by an instinct for colonization and service that was inherent in their race. The virgin lands of the new country called them and they responded. They were strong, hard and shrewd, men of destiny, the natural rulers of a country as new and as potentially great as ours. Within a hundred years their work was accomplished and New England, a land of homes and factories, had risen to the first rank in both art and industry.

The people of New England were pioneers and they bred pioneers. These heard the cry of the wilderness for men and in a steady stream, the most eager spirits left their native hills and went out into the nation with the result that today New England is everywhere acclaimed the mother of states and statesmen.

In the years before the Revolution it was the woodsman who went into the wilderness to spy out the land, but in the decades between 1790 and 1850, it was the settler, who, with his family, slowly made his way to the West by ox-cart and flat-boat.

The tide swept on steadily, hesitating now and then, and culminating in the rush to California in 1849. It gained its first foothold in New York and New Jersey and then, moving westward, developed the Buckeye State, Ohio, and colonized that unique second self, the Western Reserve. The flow of emigration, gaining impetus as it proceeded, poured into Indiana and Illinois and left its imprint on those states previously settled by men from Kentucky and Tennessee.

New Englanders helped in the building of the Erie Canal and then resumed their western progress. They were the first comers in the tremendous prairies beyond the Mississippi. Their Yankee shrewdness laid the foundation for the material success of every state with which they were connected, and their ideals and institutions blossomed into the Wests' ideas of Democracy and the worth of the common man.

From the Atlantic coast to the Pacific rolled the tide of settlers. The discovery of gold in California brought thousands who offered a striking contrast to the frenzied, reckless population, in their own calmness and obedience to law. They were far from perfect, calculating and harsh as they often were, but their training had given them a sane and wholesome perspective.

So, thru all the states of the Union may be traced the influence of New England. Her sons carried with them not only their clocks and spinning wheels,

but the ideals and institutions of the Pilgrims. Today the wealth of our nation and our democratic institutions are a tribute to the section to which many states look as mother.

As New England was the mother of states so also was she the mother of statesmen. Her statesmen were not courtiers. They were men as solid as their hills, as wise and as cool. Without the flourish of trumpets or the rustle of silk they fashioned the policies of the nation and promoted them by conscientiously fulfilling each daily task. The vast group of unsung heroes who labored so well in the development of America are all worthy of the title, statesmen, in the finest meaning of the term. They, by their ideals of industry and service, brought about the present position of our nation. Those so-called common men, who fought our battles in the drudgery of everyday life and in the glory of war, are the true statesmen of America, and New England is proud of her sons who have wrought so well.

To every period of our history New England has given great leaders. In the critical days of the Revolution there were the patriots, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were among the first to advocate separation from the mother country. Benjamin Franklin, our greatest diplomat, was a New Englander by birth and heritage. John Adams and his son, John Quincy, both presidents of the United States, played an important part in the formulation of America's policies. During Monroe's administration, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, prepared a statement warning foreign powers that "America was for Americans" and that the United States would not tolerate any interference with affairs on the American continents. This policy, given forth by the president, received the title, "The Monroe Doctrine" and has remained the statement of America's position for over a century.

It was Daniel Webster of New Hampshire, who in his history-making oration in the United States Senate, declared for "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable" and destroyed forever the theory of state sovereignty and the right of nullification.

It was in accordance with the New England ideal of freedom that men like Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips of Massachusetts vigorously attacked the institution of slavery and by their combined sincerity and eloquence aroused the North against the evils of that system.

So, thru the years we find the statesmen of New England true to themselves and the ideals of their country. They helped formulate America's policies and they have steadfastly supported them. They have represented the United States at home and abroad and today a son of New England is the Chief Executive of our Country.

In the history of America no section has been so prodigal of its gift of men with the instinct for colonization and service. Every state is her debtor. Every corner has felt her influence. Our country is a tribute to the type of men and women New England has produced and to New England itself.

*Olaf Johnson*

### **New England—Mother of Educational Advancement**

**I**T was on Massachusetts soil that the American system of common schools was originated. The New England Puritans were as learned as they were pious, and as thoroughly devoted to education as they were to religion, taking steps to plant the school and church side by side. In 1636 the town of Boston established the first educational institution in America. From then on similar schools were built in the state.

In 1635, John Harvard bequeathed his library and half his property to the college which now bears his name, one of the oldest seats of learning in America. Here, too, the first library was begun. The Harvard Law and Medical schools were founded some years later.

There were now the grammar schools and the college, but until proper elementary schools were founded, the educational system could not be considered satisfactory; so in 1642 an act requiring compulsory education was passed. Towns increased in numbers rapidly with a scattered population, and to meet this new condition the "moving school" was introduced. This traveling school reversed the order; the school coming to the pupils. Then the one central school of the town divided into a plurality of schools leading to the appearance of the school district.

Connecticut was an offshoot from Massachusetts and her institutions were like those of the parent colony. The characteristic educational institutions were also reproduced in Maine and New Hampshire—elementary schools, grammar schools, academies and colleges. So it was with Vermont. Although Rhode Island did not enact a common school law until 1800, there were voluntary schools and domestic instruction.

Yale University, located at Saybrook, Connecticut, was the first to appear in that state. It remained there for fifteen years and in 1716 was removed to New Haven. It received its name from Elihu Yale, son of one of the original settlers of the colony of New Haven, who had made an important donation to the institution. Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin and Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the magneto-electric telegraph graduated from this college.

New England and our country owe much to men like Horace Mann, great educational reformer who was born in Massachusetts. While President of the Senate he signed a bill "An Act Relating to Common Schools."

In 1838, Mr. Edmund Dwight offered \$10,000 to promote the preparation of teachers for the common schools. The Board of Education decided to establish three Normal Schools—one in the northeastern, one in the southeastern, and one in the western part of the state. Consequently, Horace Mann Normal Schools were erected at Lexington, Barre, and Bridgewater. The Lexington school was removed twice finding its resting place finally at Framingham. The Barre School was transferred to Westfield and the Bridgewater Normal, more fortunate, was never removed.

In 1846, Horace Mann said in his address to the pupils at Bridgewater Normal: "I believe normal schools to be a new instrument in the advancement of the race. Coiled up in this institution, as in a spring, there is a vigor whose uncoiling may wheel the spheres."

Brown University was founded in 1764 at Warren, Rhode Island. It was later removed to its present seat at Providence receiving its name in honor of Nicholas Brown, one of its chief benefactors. Its observatory boasts one of the finest telescopes in America.

Williams College was founded by Colonel Ephraim William and opened in the autumn of 1791. Among the many distinguished graduates during the administration of President Mark Hopkins, was James Garfield, twentieth President of the United States.

Bowdoin College, an important school for men at Brunswick, Maine, was opened in 1802. It has two departments, the academic and the medical.

Worcester Polytechnic Institute was founded in 1865 by John Boynton of Massachusetts and was opened a few years later. It is one of the best equipped technical schools of college rank in the country.

The women, too, played an important part in the advancement of education in New England, for in the autumn of 1837, after innumerable difficulties, the opening of Mt. Holyoke Seminary was realized by its foundress, Mary Lyon. By doing this she had performed her huge task of preparing the facilities for extending education to women.

Originally, Mr. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College, intended to pattern his college after Mt. Holyoke. Its first students were admitted in 1875. During Alice Palmer's administration, the policy of elective studies was everywhere a novelty and one which, not being yet understood, stirred strong opposition. She was capable of overcoming this feeling, however, and paved the way for our present Wellesley College.

The founding of Smith College was made possible by Miss Sophia Smith, who bequeathed about \$350,000 for that purpose. This college, situated at Northampton, Massachusetts, was opened in 1875. At this time the higher education of women was still in the experimental stage. Its growth, chiefly due to its first President, Reverend L. Clarke Seeley, is remarkable, and today we rank Smith College as one of the highest of its kind.

Thus the American system of public schools and colleges, begun by the first generation of New England settlers, has been extended, in varying degrees of completeness, to all sections of the United States.

*Ruth Martin*

### **New England—Mother of Industry**

**T**HE growth of industries in the United States has been nothing short of marvellous. From Atlantic to Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, pulsates the heart of one great industrial world confined only by the boundaries of the United States.

It can truthfully be said that New England is the Mother of Industry. Let us go back to the Plymouth colony days in the early part of the 17th century. In 1620 the Pilgrims landed. Hardship, suffering and privation was their lot, but by their indomitable will, within thirty years they not only built, but also maintained successfully a wide variety of manufactures—sawmills, grist mills, glass works, rope walks, iron foundries, textile mills, gun shops, shipyards, tanneries and brickyards. Crude though the method of production was because

of lack of suitable machinery; nevertheless it was the inception of that industrial growth that today has leaped with bounds.

The first need of the colonists was a home. Above them were the wintry skies, about them the ice and the snow. The services of the carpenter and the blacksmith were called into requisition and shelter was provided. The question of food was answered with the establishment of grist mills, and from the saw mills came the lumber for the homes.

At their very feet a kind Providence had placed a sea that might furnish them with food and provide a means of transporting the fruits of their industries to other peoples. But boats must be had for fishing; ships must be had for trading. Once more the colonists were favored. Surrounding them were the virgin forests, and from those forests came the material for those boats that made New England the fishing, shipbuilding and commercial centre of the colonies, and later of the states banded together as the federation of the United States.

The credit of establishing the first iron foundry and machine shop in 1643 at Lynn must be given to the initiative of John Winthrop and the skill of Joseph Jenks. According to tradition the metal for the first cannon made in America was poured in a foundry at Bridgewater, Connecticut. At this foundry cannon and cannon balls were turned out during the French and Indian, and the Revolutionary wars. In this first New England foundry and machine shop we find the true quality of craftsmanship—brains, plus skill and care,—that has made New England the finishing shop of the nation from which emerge tools of precision, the finest examples of the silversmith, watches, phonographs, improved machinery and a host of similar products.

Standing first in Massachusetts and second among New England industries is the manufacture of leather and the innumerable products made from this almost indispensable commodity. More than half the shoes made in the United States are manufactured in New England, and Boston is the leading shoe and leather centre of the world.

New England in the years past took the utmost pride in her shoe industry. In 1646 the Boston bootmakers complained to the General Court of the inferiority of the work produced by some of their craft and sought permission to combine legally into one large company so that the standard of their work might be maintained at a high level. Again in this stand of the bootmaker do we find a keynote of New England industrial success, "Good work and pride in it."

The real beginning of New England's textile industry dates from 1634. In that year a fulling mill was imported from England. It marked the inception of an industry in which New England leads the nation. There were skilled English "clothiers" among the early colonists and these men were ambitious to practice their craft in the new land. Therefore, the very first American efforts to produce clothing in this country were made nearly three centuries ago. The first of American wool factories was that of the Hartford Manufacturing Company in Connecticut, which was started in 1788 through subscriptions raised in the Connecticut towns. The textile industries are almost the greatest in the United States, absorbing more capital and employing more labor in New England than any other calling.

New England has long been noted as the home of paper making. It is now becoming, however, a national, rather than a New England industry because the great demand has exceeded the capacity of New England forests to furnish the wood pulp necessary for this continually growing industry.

In south Vermont near Rutland is one of the greatest marble industries in the world. From this district comes much of the statuary marble used throughout the country. New Hampshire is called "The Granite State" and this industry is particularly important there because of transportation facilities.

There was a time when New England was the workshop of the nation. Then everything was made in this territory because there was no other section prepared to undertake the work. During that period the New Englander indulged in the belief that New England was ordained to be the manufacturer for the country. Because of economic reasons today, we are of a change of mind. New England, the home of the machine trade, was never blessed by nature in the possession of the raw products that entered in the iron and steel trade. Gradually the centre of this industry has been shifted to the sections of the country where the ores and coal abound. But brains, the chief asset of New England's industrial supremacy, still remain. The combination of brains in the worker and courage of investment in the employer will never falter as it forges ahead to the industrial goal. The little smoke puffs from the shops of the colonists have grown and will continue to grow into clouds—not of storms and adversity, but of contentment and prosperity.

*Irene Sheridan*

### Industrial New England of Today

**N**EW ENGLAND, the pioneer in every industry, gained first rank in all of them. However, it could hardly be expected that she could always hold this high position when one considers the vastness and lavish resources of other sections of this great continent. Once the human tide swept westward on to the fertile plains and into the forests and rich beds of ore, New England was destined to decline to a certain extent. It is surprising that she has retained any of her former prestige against the keen competition.

At the present time, pessimism is abroad in the land. Depression is manifest throughout this industrial corner of the United States. The question in the foreground is whether or not a continuance of the traditional prosperity of New England will be possible. Textiles especially are having a hard time. The World War demand for clothes gave the South an opportunity to develop its mills for we could not manufacture all of the required material. Now post-war conditions find the country burdened with an over-supply of spindles and looms. During the successful years of the War, we did not feel the interference of the South, but now we are beginning to notice what is happening. The South with its low taxes and its cheap labor, is luring away the established mills of our states and spelling ruin for many towns. Southern cotton mills are threatening the supremacy of New England in this industry. While the mills of this section have not yet begun to decrease in number, those in the South have increased so rapidly as to give us pause. The United States census of manufacturers for 1921 reports that while Massachusetts and Rhode Island had three hundred and

fifty-one cotton manufacturing establishments, North and South Carolina had four hundred and ninety-seven. But from the same source we learn that New England produced over five hundred and seventy-five million dollars' worth of cotton goods as compared with the production a five hundred and sixty-one million dollars' worth in the cotton growing states. Consequently, it may seem that there is no immediate cause for alarm. We must remember, however, that proportionally the South has been making much greater strides in this industry than has New England. Before the World War, there were few cotton mills in the Southern States, while here in the North, the industry was already long established.

Wool manufacturing in New England, according to the latest census figures, represents fifty-seven percent of the entire wool industry in the United States. Statistics show that Massachusetts ranks first among all the states, her leading competitors being Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maine, and Connecticut. Four of the seven states with the largest annual output of woolen goods are here in New England. Yet there is depression in this industry due to the excessive taxes on raw materials, which vary from forty to one hundred per cent of the value or two and one-half times the entire labor cost of manufacturing wool goods.

Shoe manufacturing has been peculiarly a New England industry, from the days when the work was done by itinerant craftsmen with hand tools. In 1920, Massachusetts alone was manufacturing a boot, shoe, or slipper for every human foot in the United States. But other states are gradually gaining ground, particularly New York, Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois.

Detroit has robbed New England of some of her profits in the tool and machinery industry. Yet in 1924, three hundred and twelve million dollars' worth of these products was sold. Maine and New Hampshire are affected by the decline of the paper and pulp industries, Canada gaining what northern New England loses.

From these facts, one would think that all of our industries were on the verge of ruin. However, the prospect is not as disastrous as would seem for New England has already begun to cope with the situation, nor will she relinquish without a struggle the prestige that has been hers.

*Marjorie Keane Redding,*

### **The Outlook of Tomorrow**

**N**EW ENGLAND is face to face with a problem; a problem upon whose solving depends the success or failure of her efforts to maintain her traditional prestige in the business of the United States. She has been made to realize that St. Louis can produce as good a shoe as Lynn; and that cotton mills in Memphis can be made to function as satisfactorily as those in Manchester. And it is the realization of this fact that is forcing New England to the solution of the problem of how to forge ahead industrially in the face of keen competition.

As we have seen, many states in the South, desirous of promoting manufacturing, have done much to make the proposition of transferring mills southward a very appealing one. The least they offer is free land on which to erect the build-

ings and a guarantee of tax exemption. We must admit that this is an exceedingly attractive proposition and it is not surprising that so many manufacturers have been attracted by it. Longer hours of labor and the employment of children in industry make production in the South far more lucrative than it is in the North.

For a high school student, inexperienced in business, to attempt to advise or direct men who have devoted their lives to manufacturing in New England would, indeed, be presumptuous. However, some of the keenest business minds are now concerned with the problem and a review of some of the suggestions offered may prove helpful.

Before a manufacturing enterprise can be successful it must satisfy the buying public. This is self evident. If the public will buy brightly colored calico, the wise manufacturer turns out as much calico in gay colors as the public desires. If heavy woollens are not sought after by the consumer, why should the manufacturer continue to make them in large quantities? The correct application of practical psychology must be made by New England firms who seek success. They must acquire the ability to ascertain what the public craves and to furnish just enough of it to keep the public satisfied. The traditional conservatism of New England must be cast aside, if it tends to impede the normal forward movement of her industries.

Another suggestion that seems valuable is that we encourage the purchase of New England-made goods by New Englanders. If this section is to prosper, her citizens must cooperate in order to make prosperity a real thing. Shakespeare advised, "Above all, to thine own self be true." His sound judgment can and should be applied in this case. Who will support the industries of New England if the citizens of this very section fail to do so? Let us consider an actual case of a New England town whose existence depends on the manufacturing industries located there. At Ipswich, Massachusetts, ten years ago, it was impossible to purchase, in the local stores, hosiery manufactured in the mills of that town. The retailers simply refused to handle it. Thereupon the manufacturers gave the townspeople the choice of buying their product or of enduring the loss which necessarily would follow if the mills moved elsewhere. The people immediately came to the rescue and today no other kind of hosiery can be found on the shelves of the Ipswich stores. By following the example set by this little town the citizens of New England could help materially her failing industries.

When a person is recovering from a serious illness he requires plenty of rest and much more attention than he would need were he in good health. So, too, the industries of New England, in their present state, need much care and favor.

In the past the profits of the factories in this section have been large, and their property and equipment have been highly appraised; therefore one would naturally expect their taxes to be high. Today with profits decreasing and competition keen, taxes are still high. The just complaint of the manufacturers has, until recently, been ignored. They are asking for tax reduction and a longer working day. At present, there are bills before the General Court of Massachusetts, which, if accepted, would grant these requests. Approval of this legislation will be enthusiastically manifested by all who have the industrial welfare of New England at heart.

Obviously the problem to be solved is how to retain the industries so necessary to New England's prosperous existence. The suggestions just offered are practical, and can and are being carried out with success. The application of such suggestions, along with the cooperation of the legislatures of the New England States, is bound to alleviate the discouraging situation which now exists.

When the Creator of heaven and earth and all things passed out back-bone and fighting spirit, he allotted a goodly portion to steadfast New England. This fact has been justly affirmed by the stubborn fight which she is waging in her attempt to hold her own with the other manufacturing sections of the country. It is within New England's power, endowed as she is with such advantageous characteristics, not only to ward off unemployment and industrial unrest, but to place herself in such a position that her traditional prestige and her future success will be positively and permanently assured.

*Fred John Carpenter, Jr.*

### **Song: of Little Value**

*Maplewood Prize Essay*

**I**T is foolish to try to write an essay when you haven't anything to say. I am being foolish. I don't mind admitting it in the least. In fact I'm rather proud of it. I adore foolishness. I have built it an altar where I can go to worship; when I can burn colored candles, blue for the foolishness that was, red for the happiness that is, and green for the memories to be.

It is very foolish to believe in fairies. Everybody says so. But when the moonlight is silvering the grass, and lilacs are the purple shadow of a dream, how can I help it? They are dancing to the tunes the stars sing. Scent of white violets is very like the songs the stars sing. The sparkle of the stars must smell that way. Only one or two orange stars I have seen have a more bitter, pungent odor. The stars have drugged the fairies with their singing fragrance until they whirl about in an exquisite ecstasy of silver song. Which is a very foolish phrase. But it expresses the glory of white May night and spring magic.

Some day I shall put on a gay, green gown and poppies in my hair and go out glad to see the world, foolishly. The clouds will be vivid white, and the mountains will be blurred orange, and the sky will be between, blue and beautiful. I shall go dancing down the dusty road, confident and free. I shall be kidnapped by pirates. There will be one with a red night cap, like O'Brien, and one with a wooden leg, like Long John Silver, and the Chief of the Pirates will have a black patch over one eye. I shall join their crew, and outwit their captain, and lead the band on plundering expeditions to the ends of the earth. Sails of ships will be clear and white and beautiful against bright blue day skies. They will be clear and black and beautiful against moonlit night skies. Some days it will rain, but I shall not care. I love rain; it is so monotonous, and gray, and comforting. I shall not even mind the thunderstorms because this is a dream, and in dreams we're brave.

We pirates shall go to China, and there in a little garden, where all the vivid flowers are set neatly in flower pots, and never, under any circumstances, directly in the ground, I shall look out on the still beauty of a moonlight night in the

Orient. The wonder of it will be so great that I shall send away my pirate crew so I can cry. After we have invaded all the queer shops and quaint houses, and taken all the jade and curios we want, then we shall go to India. There will be jungles here, and heat and dampness and fever. But I shall enjoy it, and get some amber from which to make some eardrops. And then we shall go to Egypt. And Germany. And Ireland. You should never picture what places are like because you will always be disappointed. But I shall not be disappointed, because I know what they are like.

Dreams are foolishness. Poetry is dreams dressed in silver garments. So poetry is only foolishness. I love it. I believe in it. I believe it is truth, and beauty, and understanding. It is a question and an answer. It is hard to find the answer, it is hidden so deep. Someday I shall find it, when I have looked long enough.

The most foolish thing is wondering. I wonder most of the time. Even now I wonder why I am writing all this foolishness. Perhaps the answer is loneliness, the saddest thing. (Loneliness, sadder than death? Why, what is death, but loneliness and wondering?) Perhaps the answer is understanding, the greatest thing. (Understanding, greater than love? Why, what is love but infinite understanding?) Whatever the answer, I know it is a foolish one.

I have been foolish so often, and in so many ways, that I am beginning to take it as a matter of course. But there is always some strange delight in it, some feeling of pleasure that I never experience when I do something sane and sensible; and so I hope I shall keep on forever being foolish. Perhaps I shall. We generally keep the things we enjoy. It is our selfishness that makes us. I'm glad I'm selfish. It is so much more fun. I am conceited, too. Any one could tell that by reading this. It is part of the belief in foolishness to believe in yourself. If you believe in foolishness you can believe in almost anything.

The most foolish part of it all, tho, is that I don't really believe any of it. My cold New Englandism tells me it isn't true. My common sense, the world about me, friends, enemies, and acquaintances tell me it is not true. I know that none of it can be true. But being only myself, and very foolish, I keep right on worshipping, keep right on adoring, keep right on believing in foolishness.

*Marion Harlow Bastow*

Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true;  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellow-men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

*Henry Van Dyke*



FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1927

**Graduation Program**

February, 1927

**"NEW ENGLAND—THE MOTHER"**

Music	High School Orchestra, Arthur Bloche, Leader
New England—Mother of Progress	Margaret Agnes Killeen
New England—Mother of States and Statesmen	Olaf G. Johnson
Violin Solo	Benjamin Andrew Frank
New England—Mother of Education	Ruth Pauline Martin
New England—Mother of Industry	Irene Mary Sheridan
Vocal Solo	Lillian Alley Legro
Industrial New England Today	Marjorie Keane Redding
The Outlook for Tomorrow	Fred John Carpenter, Jr
Music	High School Orchestra
Announcements of Pro-Merito Appointments and Awards	
	John B. Cummings, Esq., Chairman School Committee
Presentation of Diplomas	His Honor, Mayor Harry G. West
Class Song	Words by Marion Harlow Bastow
Music	High School Orchestra

**SCHOLARSHIP HONORS***Central Building*

First Honor: Marjorie Keane Redding

Second Honor: Margaret Agnes Killeen

*Commercial Building*

First Honor: Irene Mary Sheridan

Second Honor: Ruth Pauline Martin

**PRO-MERITO**

Ruth Alice Barney	Ruth Pauline Martin
Gladys Mary Bell	Jean Earl Mendel
Fred John Carpenter, Jr.	Kathleen Frances Noonan
Anna Margaret Coleman	Addison Robert Pomeroy
Rose Blanche Dresner	Marjorie Keane Redding
Eleanor Veronica Gannon	Dorothy Elizabeth Rickheit
Olaf G. Johnson	Frederick Arthur Robarge
Margaret Agnes Killeen	Lazarus Secunda
Rose Mary Killeen	Irene Mary Sheridan
Lillian Alley Legro	William Clifford Shimmon
Helen Marie McGill	Marion Louise Simmons
Nancy Cecilia Mango	Catherine Marjorie Tone
Celia Mary Manley	Gladys Mae Wellspeak

**SPECIAL AWARDS**

Maplewood Institute Prize Essay

Marion Harlow Bastow

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for Excellence in Mathematics and Science

Jean Earl Mendel

Washington-Franklin Medal for Excellence in American History  
Marjorie Keane Redding

Awards for Proficiency in Typewriting

Sonya Maxine Boxer  
Jennie Elizabeth Hoff  
Ruth Pauline Martin  
Irene Mary Sheridan  
Catherine Marjorie Tone

Class Day Program

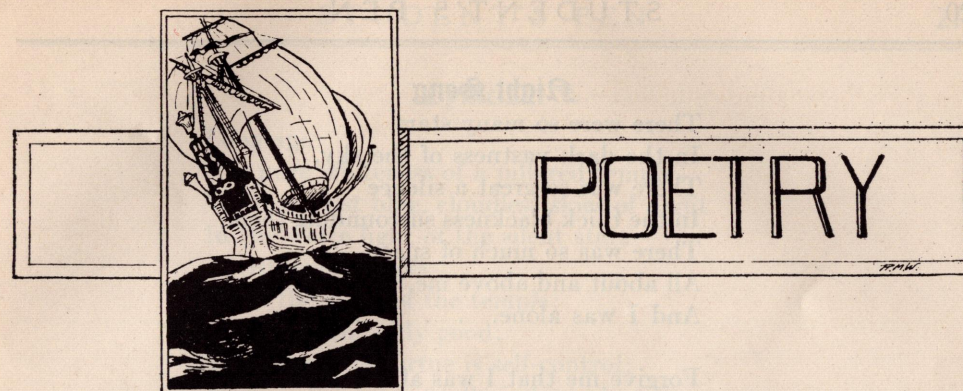
Orchestra	
Greeting . . . . .	Merrill Tabor
Class History . . . . .	Anna Coleman
Class Will . . . . .	Robert Pomeroy
Song . . . . .	Josephine Hollister, Lillian Legro
Address to the Athletes . . . . .	Genevieve Pomeroy
Address to the Faculty . . . . .	Robert Goodman
Overture by Orchestra . . . . .	Arthur Bloche
Address to Senior B's . . . . .	Helen McGill
Prophecy . . . . .	Marian Bastow
Statistics . . . . .	Henry Garrison
Gift . . . . .	Merrill Tabor
Class Song . . . . .	Class

Class Song

With lips that are smiling,  
And hearts that hold a song,  
We go to journey  
Down life's highway long.  
Proud-eyed and care'ess,  
Confident and free,  
Today and tomorrow,  
What's a memory?

But other days are coming  
And dark nights filled with fears;  
Laughter and sunlight  
Fade through the years.  
Then shall we all remember  
How we answered to life's stern call,  
With the old friends who are the true friends,  
From the school that is best of all.

Marian H. Bastow



Parting

High School days are ending now,  
Happy youthful days,  
Sadly we are drawing near  
The parting of the ways.

And one of us will take the road  
Beneath the friendly stars  
We've always known, and one will take  
A road that leads afar.

But both of us will always keep  
A happy memory,  
Of playtime joys and lessons learned  
In ways that used to be.

Dortha Logan '27

Berkshire Beauties

In the distance, o'er the city, high  
Above those other mountains, Greylock rises,  
Proud and hoary, crowned with that celestial  
Glory, radiated from the sun,  
A fiery mass on yon high hill. And o'er  
Expanses, white and chill, circled round  
With jagged pine trees, blood-red skies diffuse  
Soft light,—shed ethereal beauty round.  
Soft white clouds are turned to crimson, golden  
Lights gleam bright about them. All is color,  
Light, and beauty; sordidness has lost  
Its place. The sun goes down and shadows creep  
Across the valley, slowly lengthen, cast  
A cloak of mystic purple on the earth.  
And night wrapped in her spangled mystery  
Is brooding softly, wisely, over all. Marian Simmons

**Night Song**

There were so many stars  
In the dark vastness of the sky,  
There was so great a silence  
In the thick blackness surrounding them,  
There was so much of space  
All about and above me,  
And I was alone. . . .

Forgive me that I was afraid  
I forgot that I was only I.  
And that you had placed a lighted candle  
In the window:  
Star flame from a candle.

*M. H. Bastow***Youth's Call**

A call has come  
From the grim, old world  
To us  
Who have lived sheltered lives.  
A call  
So insistent,  
So free and imperative—  
Full of adventure—  
That to it we answer,  
With courage our watchword  
And hope as our star.  
Adventure calls Youth—  
The world holds Adventure;  
Our Youth goes expectant out into the world.

*M. L. Simmons***My Game of Make-Believe**

In my game of Make-Believe  
I am anything I choose.  
I can be a pirate bold  
On a wild and daring cruise.

I can be a Spanish maid  
With her shawl of colors gay  
Or a laughing fairy princess  
On a moonbeam far away.

I can be a tiny starchild  
Gazing down upon the earth  
Or a ray of golden sunlight  
Dancing here and there in mirth.

*A. M. Coleman '27***Cynicism**

Long ago  
The pure whiteness of a pillared temple  
Vivid against blue, cloudless skies of night  
In the white light of the silent stars—  
Antisthenes speaks  
From the steps of the temple:  
"Virtue is the only good;  
The essence of virtue is self-control;  
Man must be spiritually independent."

A gray smudge of a building  
In a gray smudge of a street.  
Fiery light  
In the eyes of a young man  
Who says that he is different,  
The people he speaks to are different;  
They alone are right.  
Away with common-ness,  
Away with the old philosophy,  
Away with the ancient customs.

In a little room  
Blue with a smoke mist,  
Blue with a dream mist,  
Youth puffs on his pipe  
And talks.  
States that all his fellow men are misanthropes,  
States that everyone  
Does things selfishly;  
That he himself believes in independence,  
Believes in individualism,  
Knows that all the world  
Is self-centered and contemptuous.

Youth, in the blue smoke of dream mists  
Talks and talks . . . .

*Marion H. Bastow*

### Last Will and Testament of the Class of January, 1927

**WE**, the January class of 1927 of the Pittsfield High School, east of First and west of Second Streets, County of Berkshire, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States of North America, Western Hemisphere of this planet of the universe called Earth, being of sound body and mind (at times), do hereby publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament hereby revoking all other documents heretofore made by us. We do leave and bequeath;—

Item: To the Senior B Class, our successors; All debts paid and unpaid.

Item: To the City of Pittsfield; This edifice until it shall disintegrate.

Item: To the City of Pittsfield; The right to prop up the building so that falling ice will not shake its venerable foundations.

Item: To the City of Pittsfield: The right to compete with Chicago as a bad, bad city.

Item: To P. H. S.; Bars for the windows, locks for the doors, and padlocks for the desks of this building.

Item: To P. H. S.; The right to complete the welfare work on the stairs.

Item: To P. H. S.; Enough fence for the Second Street frontage.

Item: To Miss Marjorie Day; Our sincere thanks for her untiring cooperation as our class adviser.

Item: To Mr. Strout and the Faculty: Our deep appreciation of their help during our short years in this institution.

Item: To Miss Flynn; A radiator so she may conduct her classes in warmth.

Item: To Miss Casey; Peace—4th period. Also an automatic curtain puller to remove natural disturbances.

Item: To Miss Pfeiffer; Bob Pomeroy leaves the right to call any other Senior “young and unsophisticated.”

Item: To Miss Pfeiffer; The unique privilege of calling any Senior “My dear child.”

Item: To Mr. Rudman; Katherine Killian leaves the privilege of asking the future business manager of the “Pen” if she has her ads in yet.

Item: To Mr. Russell; The right to discourse on the hoy-paloi and to quote Latin and Greek proverbs to the Juniors.

Item: To Mr. Lucey; Katherine Killian leaves the right to teach the gentle art of aesthetic division to some other mathematical dream-girl.

Item: To Miss Mills; Posters reading “WHY?” and “TEST PAPERS NOT CORRECTED.”

Item: To Mrs. Bennett; A dictaphone for her world famous speeches.

Item: To Mr. Brierly; Marion Bastow leaves the task of finding another girl who admits she doesn't know anything.

Item: To Miss Kelley; The right of interrupting lunches in Room 16—fifth period.

Item: To Mr. Goodwin; The right to tell other classes a thing is so whether they know it or not.

Item: To the Freshmen, or inmates of the Attic; The right to put up umbrellas when the snow melts thru the roof.

Item: To the Juniors; Our thanks for so successful a dance in our honor.

Item: To the Senior B's; Pea-shooters to use on traffic duty.

Item: To three Senior B's (with 6th period for study); Lillian Legro, Fred Carpenter, and Helen Finn leave the right to pursue Vergil in Room 11A.

Item: To the Senior B's; The right to eat lunches and do mathematics in 14A.

Item: To any Senior; The right to use Mr. Lucey's stamp at leisure for library slips.

Item: To the Seniors (whose noses have a permanent lustre); The public vanity case of Room 14.

Item: To any traveling Senior B; Annie Coleman leaves her pocket book, (baby-trunk model).

Item: To any occupant of Room 14; Jo Hollister leaves her mirror.

Item: To the future occupants of Room 16; The artistically colored decorations on the desk covers.

Item: To the future occupant of his seat; Joe Wood leaves his option on scrap paper for his private bonfires.

Item: To whomever applies; Joe also leaves his brother Sam.

Item: To any aspiring girls; Katherine Killian and Dortha Logan leave their mathematical disability.

Item: To John Walker and Katherine Bergstrom; Marion Bastow and Katherine Killian leave their respective positions on the “Pen”, namely, editor-in-chief and business manager.

Item: To anyone who justly qualifies; Olaf Johnson leaves his procrastinating nature and Latin moods.

Item: To any school contortionist; Johnny Behan leaves his ability to do the hesitation waltz.

Item: To any occupants of Room 10; Bob Pomeroy and Olie Johnson leave their powers as ventriloquists.

Item: To all; Our motto,—“Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.”

Item: (the last); We leave well enough alone. In the presence and by witness of the undersigned the “January Class of 1927” transcripts its hand to the foregoing instrument declaring it to be its last Will and Testament on this 9th day of January in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

(signed) *The January Class of 1927*

#### Witnesses:

Lillian A. Legro

Marion H. Bastow

A. Robert Pomeroy

Marion L. Simmons

Katherine “K” Killian

E. Moran: “I think that every desert traveler should carry a watch.”

F. Carpenter: “Why?”

E. Moran: “Because it has springs in it.”

### Farewell to the Faculty

**W**HEN asked some time ago by one of the students in our class upon what subject I should like to talk, providing that I was selected for one of the speakers on Class Day, I rashly replied, "Any old thing". Somewhat later I was told by our class advisor, Miss Day, that I had been chosen to give the Farewell Address to the Faculty. Then I regretted that I had said, "Any old thing." The faculty, I must admit, has always been a sort of riddle to me, for ever since I entered this building I have been trying to 'guess' them and I realize that I must soon 'give them up'. Moreover, I really know very little about the members of the faculty, and most of what I do know I dare not repeat before this assembly.

It is, however, I feel sure, the ambition of every student, from the time he is an ignorant freshman until he becomes a learned senior, to tell some member or members of the faculty in unsparing terms just what his or her opinions are concerning their individual dispositions and manner of conducting classes. It has been said that this desire to tell the teachers just 'where to get off' increases with the extra semesters which a student spends in the building. That fully explains my presence here this morning. I have learned, by the way, during my brief stay in this edifice, that the only person who can successfully tell a teacher 'where to get off' is a street car conductor.

Since it has been circulated throughout the building that I was to give the farewell talk to the faculty, I have found myself suddenly a most popular person. I have been besieged on all sides by sophomores, juniors, and seniors, who have tried to impress upon my mind the wonderful opportunities which this occasion affords. They have begged and besought me to put in a few words for them when I should publicly make known my impressions concerning the faculty. I shall have to disappoint them, however, much as I dislike to, for the words and the phrases which they used were totally foreign and decidedly unbecoming to a minister's son.

No man or woman is perfect, and we students are well aware of the fact that the members of the faculty are no exceptions to the rule. We all know that outside of the good traits which they may possess, they have many failings, one of which is their marking system. For example, the only A which some members of the faculty have given students in recognition of their honest endeavors has been A—quantity. Of course that kind of mark means "nothing" to the teacher and "nothing" to the student as well.

Undoubtedly, the teachers have been to blame for many of the mishaps of our school career. For instance, you all remember that a few days ago we students were forced to sit in rooms where the temperature was far below normal. We even had to tramp around the building in order to keep warm. You also will remember that the day to which I just referred was during the deficiency period. No wonder it was so cold with over a hundred below.

Teachers are, moreover, hardhearted. To uphold my statement, I shall refer to a misfortune which befell one member of our graduating class. It so happened that this person was wont to receive deficiencies. Ever since he had entered school he had received more than his share each time that they had been

issued. Finally the end of the present semester drew near and he was looking forward to the time when he should get four more. Four more was all he needed. But alas, he received only three. Imagine the poor fellow's disappointment when he discovered that he needed only one more deficiency to complete the papering of his room.

However, our relations with you, members of the faculty, have been most fortunate and agreeable. From the moment we entered this high school, we have been the recipients of your consideration and your generosity. Ever since, and through all our intercourse here, we have received from all quarters, in all classes, from all members of the faculty, a uniform and widely varied kindness—a kindness far beyond what we personally had any claim to. And, as we have gone in and out among you during the years, we have come to know you well. We, the members of the Graduating Class of February, 1927, sincerely trust that our sojourn among you may have been as pleasant to you as it has been profitable and enjoyable to us.

But more than profitable or enjoyable, our three or more years with you have been memorable. They have been memorable for the good accomplished; memorable for the inspiration given to members of our class; and memorable for the assistance rendered in our hours of need. I assure you, teachers, that the thought of years spent together with you in this building will be a sacred thing; one which will be throughout our lives forever treasured; a reminder which will stimulate us to further endeavor, and encourage us to loftier aims.

Farewell is a word often lightly spoken and easily forgotten. But when it marks the completion of a chapter in life, when it means the severing of ties many and cherished, and means the parting with many friends at once, as it does in this case, the word seems to stick somewhat in the throat. It becomes the word which makes us want to linger just a little longer. We dislike to say it knowing as we do that its utterance means so much. Farewell is better expressed in few words for sometimes "what goes without saying is better than what is said." We do wish to say, however, by way of farewell, that you members of the faculty are not sending us away empty-handed or alone. We go, thanks to you, freighted with many happy memories. Happy should be the faculty which can thus speed its parting friends; fortunate, indeed, the students who have found their association with you almost an adoption; and whose "farewell leaves half their hearts behind."

*Robert Goodman*

### Address to the Athletes

**T**HREE years ago one of the greatest miracles the world has ever known, happened in the city of Pittsfield, when Pittsfield High, then an institution little heard of except within a radius of some fifteen and thirty-four hundredths miles, was greeted with an assemblage which virtually was to put Pittsfield High on the map, in capital letters even to make the name Pittsfield, as connected with Athletics so popular that now, from latitude to longitude, it is spoken fluently in fifty-seven different languages.

Indeed! There are seven important reasons why this rare and miraculous

phenomenon came about, and if any of you wish to learn these now, instead of waiting until the second half of United States History in your Senior year, you may write them down as I call them out:

First—Hank Garrison

Second—Bob Ano

Third—Ted Combs

Fourth—Pie Learned

Fifth—Dick Russell

Sixth—Merrill Tabar

Seventh—Eddie Moran

Is it any wonder that we older, wiser beings wag our heads and shed our tears as we think of the immense gap the departure of our athletes will make, saying,

"What is the younger generation coming to?"

But ask "Coach", he knows!

"Athletes may come and Athletes may go,

But Pittsfield High will go on forever!"

After the twenty-sixth day of January, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, a sorry date in the history of Pittsfield High, it will be up to you athletes, who follow in the footsteps of your illustrious forefathers, to keep the banner of Purple and White, on the pinnacle where it now flies unmolested! It will be up to you to keep the slate labelled, "Athletics," clean from foul play, lack of spirit and poor sportsmanship! And in order to attain that goal which our boys have reached by untold sacrifice of time, by countless pounds of energy, yes, even by the clothes from their backs, it will be necessary for you to begin now, those tasks which the great public little dreams of.

It will be wise to remember, during those hard, tedious days of practice, when there is no crowd to cheer you, where many good plays pass unseen by admirers, uncomplimented, these few lines written by one whose Alma Mater is Pittsfield High, May they carry you on to even greager successes than our Athletes could have hoped to reach.

"Success is not attained by those

Who would but ask for it,

For all great men have reached their goal,

By courage, work and grit.

They've climbed the ladder step by step,

They've labored hard and long,

And when at last their task is done,

The world burst forth in song.

You won't become great all at once,

But now, remember still,

Just keep on trying to succeed

And then you surely will."

(Monica M. J. Killeen '25)

Rae Genevieve Pomeroy

### Address to the Senior "B" Class

IT is fitting and proper that we should be here today, following the custom of each senior class. It is even more fitting that we, representing experience, should advise you in the way you should go; for does not the Good Book say, "Counsel the doubtful; instruct the ignorant?"

We feel that you should, above all things, know your teachers, so that you may be in sympathy with them; and, therefore, glean a richer harvest from their instruction.

To those who are assigned to Room 12, we say: Before entering therein, cast off that cloak of superiority and cocksureness which is wont to conceal the shabbiness of the average senior; because it cannot cover your youth and unsophistication. Miss Pfeiffer's patronizing "Dear Child" will convince you of that!

A word, also, about Miss Wentworth's classes in senior French. Miss Wentworth requires a responsive audience. Her choice bits of conversation will be much enjoyed if you prove sympathetic listeners.

Remember that it is a privilege of the seniors to eat lunch in Miss Flynn's room. Don't abuse the privilege; but if you are bound to leave papers there, at least take the precaution of wrapping your lunch in the comic sheet, so that Miss Flynn may derive some pleasure in picking up the papers.

We could reveal other mysteries, and uncover many pitfalls by the wayside; but we prefer to leave some surprises for you. You will soon learn when you are "barking up the wrong tree" or indulging in "glittering generalities."

We entreat and plead with you to keep the "Student's Pen" the well-balanced magazine it now is. Bereft of the budding geniuses of our class, you must be content with something infinitely inferior, realizing that the Bastows, Killians, and such were reserved for your betters.

There is, however, something for you to put across. We suggest making fire drills optional. There is never a fire at the time of drill; so why sacrifice a good study period, tramping aimlessly about, fleeing phantom fires!

In conclusion, do not be discouraged by the high ideals we have established. It has been our aim to do a little better whatever has been done before. In parting, we ask this of you—to carry on; to paint that picture, sing that song, write that theme just a little bit better than has ever been done before. You have our sincere good wishes for success, for your personal satisfaction, and for the glory of the purple.

Helen McGill

### Class Prophecy

ATLANTIC CITY—the world's playground! As I viewed it from my hotel window, its board-walks gleaming under myriads of fairy lights, its gay little shops and beyond, the purple bel owing sea, pent-up emotion gave way to one profound sigh because, instead of being able to enjoy it at leisure, I was down here on business—to write up a few social events and festivities. But time waits for no man, and certainly not for an impecunious newspaper correspondent and so, leaving wistful contemplation, I prepared for the night's work.

An hour later found me in the lobby of the Orpheum when whom should I meet but Elmer Merriman, dramatic critic. As fate would have it, our seats were adjacent and we looked forward to a reminiscent chat during the intermissions of the play. As I noted among the first nighters prominent men and women, society matrons and their debutante daughters, and took down notes on their gowns, I discovered directly in front of me Norah Whitehead who had recently fallen heiress to a distant relative's fortune and was now engaged in the stupendous task of spending it. She suddenly became very animated and, regardless of theatre etiquette, began to wave a heavily jeweled arm in the direction of one of the boxes. It dawned upon me that she was trying to attract the attention of Harry Earle Brundidge, famed historian who had just returned from research work in some obscure corner of the universe. At his side sat Jean Mendel, house detective at the hotel where I was registered. Lowering my gaze I next rested it upon Rose Killeen, who with her usual foresight was already taking notes upon the evening's performance.

Further observation was checked by the rising of the curtain. After eons of boredom the orchestra stirred and softly hummed an exotic piece and, in the tiny, scantily-clad figure prostrated before the huge Buddha, we recognized Ella Williams, dancer unique. During the intermission we rushed to her dressing room to find among the confusion of floral tributes Ella embracing her dear friend Norah. After hilarious greetings Ella called a messenger boy and directed him to send the flowers to Dr. Carpenter's Asylum.

"Did you know," she asked, "that Freddy is conducting an asylum for the feeble-minded? They say he is the coming doctor. One of his patients is poor Rose Dresner, who, before she could give to the world her remarkable discovery of Infinity, lost her brilliant mind."

Elmer and I were unable to prolong this pleasurable meeting, being due in New York for the opening of a new Night Club. Norah, on the spur of the moment, decided to go with us. Strangely enough, we were all registered at the same hotel. In the lobby we met Helen Finn, entrant in the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, whose chances of winning were made certain by the fact that Freddy Robarge was one of the judges. In less than one half an hour we had packed our bags and checked out.

Purchasing our tickets for New York we almost missed our train when we found out that Julia Levine was ticket agent. Once comfortably settled in our train, Norah began to outline a plan whereby we three would "do" New York at her expense. Her glowing descriptions were interrupted by the stopping of the train at a little out-of-the-way station where Bob and Gen Pomeroy entered the car. They were doing a vaudeville skit, they explained, in which Bob made use of his poetic talent in writing doggerel which Gen rendered in her ever pleasing voice. At the next station we heard a familiar voice shouting, "Candy, popcorn, peanuts!" and just then Lazarus Secunda appeared. After a pleasant conversation and several sales he left us and we proceeded on our way. From Lazarus I had purchased the latest edition of a New York newspaper and in large headlines, I learned that Art Bloche, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, had perfected a new symphony; also that Florence Preston was

engaged in a musical tour of Europe. On the editorial page we perused with delight, Jo Hollister's daily column. In Theatre News we were informed that Eddie Moran was realizing his boyhood ambition—playing Hamlet to Mary Hamilton's heart-rending Ophelia.

Then our train stopped with a sudden lurch and we found ourselves in New York. We jumped into a taxi and were whirled to the glittering facade of Nan's Night Club. We were greeted by the hearty handshake and smiling countenance of its popular hostess, Nancy Wellington. She announced us to the world at large and her patrons in particular and called her head waiter, by whose dignified bearing and sleek black hair we had no trouble in recognizing Ray Boos. The latter conducted us to a sequestered table and then moved on. We were left alone but not for long, for Nancy announced two personalities well known on Broadway—Kathleen Noonan, whose youthful practise before her father's camera had brought her fame in the film world and Helen McGill, whose futuristic drawing of the ruins of P. H. S. in the moonlight had attracted world-wide notice. Next to join this dissipated assembly was Lillian Legro who was compelling great attention thru her efforts to swim the Atlantic.

Just then the lights were dimmed and the spotlight played upon the graceful figure of Marion Simmons who executed with utmost grace the suddenly popular dance of Josephine Garden's invention.

Commotion in the corridor! Confusion among the ladies, explained by the arrival of Tommy Weitzel, the balm that was soothing the hearts of the mourners of the late Rudolph Valentino. In the wake of this disturbance followed a more pronounced outburst and in rushed the local constabulary headed by Chief Marion Harder, followed closely by her assistant, Alice Speass. We made a rush for the nearest exit only to be thwarted in our attempt by Florence Chapin. We were crowded into the Black Maria and transported to the station house where we spent the remainder of this hectic night. Next morning we were ushered into the presence of Her Honor the judge, Nancy Mango. Florina Alberti, as prosecutor rendered an alibi-shattering speech to Norine Nealon, foreman of the jury. Thanks to Marion McGee, who with winning smile and blandishment pleaded our case, our freedom was won. We left the court hastily lest Nancy change her mind, that which she was oftentimes prone to do. Filled with remorse and seeking to live down this shame we decided to embark at once for Paris on the good ship Leviathan which was still plodding to and fro across the trackless wastes of the Atlantic.

While rushing to the docks we found time to observe the sky writers, Dick Russell and Ralph Froio, outlining the flawless features of Merrill Tabor, model for the arrow collar ad. As the gangplank was about to be raised, up rushed "K" Killian, demanding to be let aboard. Struggling for breath, she informed me that she was being deported because of her communistic belief and her teaching that the wealth of the United States should be aesthetically divided among the citizens.

The first few days of our voyage we were slightly indisposed, and I doubt if we would have recovered had it not been for the gentle care of Ernestine Parker, ship's nurse. Fully recovered and once more filled with a desire to live, we dis-

covered among our fellow passengers, Ruth Housman, who flirted indiscriminately with everyone from deck swabbers to the Captain, who was none other than Johnny Behan, handsome and debonair in his immaculate uniform. I noticed admiringly that the gold buttons and braid on his jacket harmonized with those distracting ringlets. He invited us to dine with him, adding that we would thoroughly enjoy the excellent dinner prepared by Chef Clar Musgrove. He also advised that we put our jewels and valuables in the custody of Eleanor Gannon, the competent purser. After dinner he headed a personally conducted tour to the engine room where we met and exchanged a few words with Gene Pruyne, chief engineer. Upon emerging we all but stumbled over Gidge Loveless swabbing the decks as a punishment for several misdemeanors. So confused and humiliated was the poor little sailor boy that he attempted to hide behind his scrubbing brush, and failing in this, he scrambled up the rigging and was soon lost to view. At night resting from the fatiguing effects of a strenuous day, we repaired to the Captain's cabin. Johnny fingered the dials of his radio for a few moments and at last was rewarded by the sonorous voice of Joe Wood announcing that the next speaker on the program would be Gladys Wellspeak, woman senator from Massachusetts who in the course of her speech mentioned that with the aid of her able secretary, Martha May, she had been able to pass several hundred bills thru the Legislature. But restless Johnny was again at the radio and this time pulled in station WBZ where Cap Shimon was conducting a French course. We also heard that the All-American quartet consisting of Boob Ano, Hank Garrison, Ted Combs, and Pie Learned had carried off all honors in the Olympic games. We spent the remainder of our ocean voyage without further incident and were rather sorry when our boat docked at Bordeaux.

Arrived at Paris, we hailed a passing taxi and our surprise was exceeded only by our joy when our gaze fell upon the familiar features of Don Lyon who piled our luggage on top of the cab and whirled us off to the Hotel de Paris. At our journey's end, we were white and exhausted from our death-defying dash thru the streets. The next day was spent in seeing the sights. The bus we boarded was manned by Dot Logan expounding the marvels of Paris to Janet Bitensky and Anna Rosenberg, her only passengers, who dutifully turned their heads from left to right as occasion demanded.

That night we attended the Folies Bergere featuring Anna Coleman, supported by Phenella Lyman, Mildred Hesse, and Milly Engelmann. They found an appreciative audience in Allen Ayers, Francis Clark, James Conry, and Mario Mango, who were taking in the show on their last evening in Paris. The next day they were to start out on a hunting expedition. We learned from them that Gunnar Lovgren and Don Ford were with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, that Herby Volin and Mildred MacEachen were happily married, tho not to each other, and that Erma Reed was conducting a column in Advice to the Lovelorn, to which Benny Frank had applied for advice concerning his last three affairs.

Dining at one of the fashionable restaurants, we engaged the services of its handsome gigolo, Bob Goodman.

Since our New York escapade had blown over and our trip had drawn to its close we decided that it would be a crime to leave Paris without purchasing a few frocks. Before doing so, however, we betook ourselves to the shop of Frances Pierce, famous coiffeuse, who gave us the latest. Then, having heard so much praise of M. Mimi, couturiere, we taxied to her salon. It was a gorgeous place designed, we learned later by Margaret Killeen. Inside, we came upon Elvena Gasson busily engaged in squandering Frank's hard-earned fortune. She was examining a gown effectively modeled by Marjorie Redding, who could not contain her joy at seeing us. Gesticulating wildly, she rushed out and returned with M. Mimi himself, Olaf Johnson who rushed to us and greeted us in the typical French manner. Then, clapping his hands, he called, "Venez, Marie, Antoinette, Yvonne!" and immediately his most ravishing creations were displayed to us. Suffice it to say that Norah left his shop very much depleted as to pocketbook.

Without money one can do nothing in Paris so we decided it was time to go home. At last sailing day came. As we stood at the rail, gaze fastened upon the rapidly receding coastline, my companions confided to me their sorrow at leaving gay Paris. I, however, entertained no such low spirits for what a wealth of material I would have to write on, and how glad my former classmates would be to hear from me, the doings of their comrades.

Marion Bastow  
Norah Whitehead  
Elmer Merriman

### Senior "A" Banquet

THE banquet of the February class of 1927 was held in the ballroom of the Hotel Wendell, January 27th, 1927 at six-fifteen o'clock. The following program was carried out during the evening:

#### PROGRAM

Toastmaster, George J. Loveless

Toast to Faculty . . . . .	Gladys Wellspeake
Remarks . . . . .	Miss Day
Remarks . . . . .	Mr. Strout
Address . . . . .	Mr. Gannon
Toast to Athletes . . . . .	Nancy Wellington
Toast to Boys . . . . .	Josephine Hollister
Toast to Girls . . . . .	Olaf Johnson
Class Song . . . . .	Class

Dancing

Music by Merry Makers' Orchestra

#### MENU

Grapefruit

Puree of Green Peas, au Crouton

Roast Stuffed Chicken, Giblet Sauce

Delmonico Potatoes, Green Peas

Waldorf Salad

Vanilla Ice Cream    Cafe Noir    Assorted Cakes

### Annals of the Class of February, 1927

THE day of January 28, 1924 is one long to be remembered. It is one that will always be fixed in the minds of the members of the Class of February, 1927 along with such important dates as July Fourth, December Twenty-fifth and April First. That day marks the beginning of the brilliant career of this illustrious class.

From the very beginning we showed our teachers that we were different,—different from any class that ever before had entered the realms of higher and greater knowledge. We were not only different but a great number of us were indifferent—a trait that many a sophisticated sophomore has used to advantage.

As soon as the excitement of being sophomores and of having the title of Mr. or Miss put before our names, had subsided we settled down to hard work. The teachers, knowing our great mental ability set before us tasks and problems well nigh impossible. Mr. Larkin, especially, realizing that Geometry was as simple as A B C to our comprehensive minds dealt out axioms, theorems and propositions without number. We quickly grasped the fact that all Gaul was divided into three parts. Even this was accomplished with practically no effort on our part.

The days passed swiftly, and with preparing our lessons so carefully the nights did likewise.

It was during our Sophomore B semester that the basketball team of Pittsfield High School was sent to enter the National Basketball Tournament at Chicago. We did our share in helping raise the needed one thousand dollars, and felt very big indeed to have done, even a little bit towards helping our basketball team—at least we thought of it as "ours".

Soon we were Juniors. After such a startling sojourn in Sophomore classes we reached this state of being as a matter of course. By this time, we had gained a little more confidence in ourselves. We no longer regarded our teachers as beings placed in the world for our especial discomfiture. Some of our most daring even ventured now to get paper from the teacher's desk during a study period—a courageous feat.

We had now passed on into the realms of Advanced Algebra and Cicero. Solving simultaneous linear equations was our particular pastime. We rebelled in it. We worked hours on their solution. Not because we had to, you understand, but because we liked to.

We thoroughly enjoyed reading Cicero for it contained so many jokes that we were laughing continually. I might add that ours was the first class that ever understood these Ciceronian jokes without having Mr. Goodwin explain them.

In continuing our practice of being different, we decided that we would not organize until we were Junior A's. At our first class meeting we chose Merrill Tabor, President; Donald Merrill, Vice-President; Marion Simmons, Secretary; and to Robert Pomeroy, we gave the honor of collecting any stray quarters that he could. Immediately we began planning for our Prom. It was held at the Girls' League on the eighth of January, 1926 and proved to be the most successful ever attempted by any class in the history of Pittsfield High School.

Before we realized it we had fulfilled our greatest ambition—that of being

members of the upper class of this institution of learning. Immediately we assembled in the lecture room—where previously we had spent so many happy hours as students in Mr. Russel's chemistry classes. In this atmosphere we re-elected Merrill Tabor as President; chose George Loveless as Vice-President, William Shimmon, Secretary and Eleanor Gannon, Treasurer. To Miss Day was given the task of leading us through our many difficulties and encounters, trials and tribulations. She has proven that we chose her wisely as Class Advisor. When the Senior B Pro-Merito awards were announced we found that we had a number of supernatural students in our midst. We were well pleased with the showing our class had made.

Early in the semester a ring committee was elected and when their selection of a ring was shown to the class it was voted unanimously that it was the one and only ring that should grace our fingers. This certainly was extraordinary but then, we are an extraordinary class.

Suddenly, we discovered that we were Senior A's and that our days at Pittsfield High School were numbered. At a class meeting it was decided that our worthy class officers should be re-elected. Plans for the Hop progressed rapidly. It proved to be the greatest success of the year seconded only by the Prom. After the Hop we again began planning for Class Day. Here it is—here we are—and so ends the career of our class. In a little more than a day the curtain will be drawn on the history of the class of February, 1927, but we know that our brilliant career will never be forgotten.

*Anna M. Coleman  
William Shimmon*

### P. H. S.

Helen McG I ll  
Margare T Killeen  
Ka T hleen Noonan  
Ro S e Dresner  
F red Robarge  
Marion S I mmons  
Jean M E ndel  
Anna Co L eman  
Gla D ys Wellspeak

Bob P omeroy  
Marj R edding  
R O se Killeen

Nancy M ango  
Lillian L E gro  
Eleano R Gannon  
"Cap" Sh I mmon  
Fred Carpen T er  
Olaf J O hnson  
Lazarus S ecunda

*Bob. Pomeroy '27*



PRO MERITO

## Who's Who!

### HAROLD ANO, "Boob"

Rice Grammar School, Football '24, '25, '26, Baseball '24, Etiquette Club, Varsity Club, Senior Hop Committee, Banquet Committee.

*Ano the athlete, bucking the line  
With the girls all shouting, "Don't he look fine!"*

### ALLAN AYERS

Northeast High School, Kansas City, Mo., Debaters' Literary Society, Debating Club, Pittsfield Hi-Y, Zeta Delta.

*Young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Of all our debaters he ranks as the best.*

### MARIAN BASTOW, "Jimmie"

Dawes Grammar School, Editor-in-Chief *Student's Pen*, Editor of Poetry '25, Glee Club, Sigma Lambda Kappa, Chairman Senior Assembly Committee, Statistics Committee, Who's Who Committee, Class Day Speaker, Class Poet, Cleverest Girl, Class Prophecy, Class Song.

*Marian is our cleverest lass,  
Also the poet of our class.*

### JEANNETTE BEERS, "Johnnie"

Lanesboro Grammar School, Handwork Club, Etiquette Club, Home Room Secretary, Glee Club.

*To her town she is a credit,  
Here's happiness—we hope she'll get it.*

### JOHN BEHAN, "Johnny"

Pomeroy Junior High School, Radio Club, Glee Club, Orchestra, Senior Hop, Refreshment Committee, Cutest Boy.

*All gifts of mirrors he'll take with joy  
For Johnny is our cutest boy.*

### JANET BITENSKY, "Jan"

Mercer Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, *Student's Pen*, Handwork Club, First Aid Club.

*Good wishes have a way of coming true  
That's why we wish the best of luck to you.*

### ARTHUR BLOCHE, "Art"

Tucker Junior High School, Home Room President, Orchestra Leader, Junior Prom Committee, Chairman Debating Club, Glee Club, Ring Committee, Chairman of Banquet Committee, Alpha Sigma Gamma, Most Business-Like Boy, Class Musician.

*Efficiency personified,  
Art is known the High School wide.*

### RAYMOND BOOS, "Cowboy"

Plunkett Junior High School, Radio Club, Debating Club, Class Pest, Class Bluff.

*Blow winds, blow, growl, roar and puff.  
We've matched you with our big class bluff.*

### HARRY BRUNDIGE

Pomeroy Junior High School, Radio Club, *Student's Pen*, C. M. T. C., Glee Club.

*Best wishes abound for our history shark,  
We know in the world he'll make his mark.*

### FRED CARPENTER, "Freddy"

Crane School, Pro Merito, Graduation Speaker, Manager Track '26, Vice-President Hi-Y Club, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Class Ring Committee, Debating Club, *Student's Pen*, Varsity Club, Glee Club, Wittiest Boy, Class Orator, Latin Specialist.

*A speaker whose speeches are full of wit  
I'm sure that Freddy possesses "it".*

### FLORENCE CHAPIN

Pomeroy School, Glee Club, Girls' League Activities.

*Because of her friendliness and grace,  
We count the world a pleasant place.*

### FRANCIS CLARKE, "Clarkie"

Pomeroy Junior High, Checking Committee, Junior Prom.

*A quiet unobtrusive boy,  
For you we wish much luck and joy.*

### ANNA COLEMAN, "Annie"

Canaan, N. Y., Grammar School, Chairman Refreshment Committee for Prom and Hop, *Student's Pen*, Glee Club, Sigma Lambda Kappa, Class Baby, Pro-Merito.

*The baby of our Senior Class  
Is this most charming light-haired lass.*

### FRANK COMBS, "Ted"

Dawes Grammar School, Football '23, '24, '25, '26, Captain '26, Baseball '24, '25, '26, Captain '26, Secretary of Etiquette Club.

*Here's to Ted our champion skater,  
In every sport a first-class rater.*

### JAMES CONRY, "Jim"

Crane Junior High, Current Events Club.

*If you would see Jim at his best,  
Let him substitute for the Senior Class pest.*

## ROSE DRESNER, "Ro"

Tucker Junior High, Pro-Merito, Handwork Club, Art Club.

*Math shark Ro would never stop,  
No matter how intricate the "prop".*

## MILDRED ENGELMAN, "Milly"

Plunkett Junior High, Handwork Club, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Home Room Officer, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee.

*In Coltsville Milly reigns supreme  
And all pronounce her charming queen.*

## HELEN FINN

Mercer Junior High, Student's Council, Student's Pen, Decorating Committee of Junior Prom, Prettiest Girl, Cutest Girl.

*When riding in Mary Redding's Ford,  
Our prettiest girl is never bored.*

## DONALD FORD, "Fordy"

St. Mary's Lee High School, Lenox High School.

*To Fordy and his classroom pranks,  
Here's a future free from cranks.*

## BENJAMIN FRANK, "Bennie"

Rice School, Student Council, Orchestra, Glee Club, Etiquette Club.

*To our youth so debonair,  
We wish a life quite free from care.*

## ELEANOR GANNON

Crane Junior High, Student's Council, Home Room Treasurer, Senior Class Treasurer, Etiquette Club, Prom Committee, Pro Merito.

*This happy girl sings "Class Tax Due",  
If you haven't paid, this means you.*

## HENRY GARRISON, "Hank"

Dawes Junior High, Home Room President, Student Council, C. M. T. C., Current Events Club, Varsity Club, Hi-Y, Alpha Sigma Gamma, Chairman of Senior Hop Decorating Committee, Football '24, '25, '26, Basketball '24, '25, '26, Basketball Captain '25, '26, Baseball '25, Class Athlete.

*Hank's not only a great athlete,  
As an all round pal he can't be beat.*

## ELVENA GASSON, "El"

Mercer School, Public Speaking Club, Handwork Club, Etiquette Club.

*Friendly and smiling good-natured and kind,  
All of these qualities in Elvena you'll find.*

## FRANK GASSON, "Gas"

Mercer High School, Drawing Club.

*This boy studies all day long,  
No time he wastes with wine and song.*

## ROBERT GOODMAN, "Bob"

Rice School, Glee Club, Student's Council, President of Etiquette Club, Traffic Chief '25, '26, Handsomest Boy.

*Our sheik and handsomest boy is Bob,  
Think of all the cradles he'll rob.*

## MARY HAMILTON

Tucker School, Student's Pen, Sophomore Program Committee, Sigma Lambda Kappa.

*Mary is demure and sweet,  
A finer girl you'll never meet.*

## MARIAN HARDER

Pontoosuc Grammar School, Glee Club, Home Nursing, First Aid.

*Marian's happy-go-lucky smile  
Keeps us jolly all the while.*

## MILDRED HESSE, "Millie"

Pomeroy School, Glee Club, Posture Club, First Aid, President of Etiquette Club, Chairman Program Committee, Senior Hop Committee.

*Millie's smile is very gay  
And we'll be sad with her away.*

## JOSEPHINE HOLLISTER, "Jo"

Dawes Junior High School, Glee Club, Etiquette Club, Eagle Reporter for P. H. S.

*All Seniors are gracious to smilin' "Jo"  
She'll put your name in The Eagle, you know.*

## RUTH HOUSMAN

Pomeroy School, Glee Club, Orchestra, Etiquette Club, Home Room Treasurer, Junior Prom Committee.

*Here's to the ramp of the Senior class,  
Here's to the flirting winsome lass.*

## OLAF JOHNSON, "Olie"

Crane Junior High, Home Room President, Prom Committee, Statistics Committee, Who's Who, Pro-Merito, Debating Club, Public Speaking Club, Student's Pen, Graduation Speaker, Banquet Speaker, Cleverest Boy.

*Sophisticated cleverness,  
May his wit be never less.*

## MARGARET KILLEEN

Redfield Grammar School, Pomeroy Junior High, Home Room President, Student's Council, Prom Committee, Hop Committee, Handwork Club, Current Events Club, Student's Pen Club, Pro-Merito, Salutatorian, Sigma Lambda Kappa.

*Here's to Margaret, quiet, demure,  
May her ability ever endure.*

## ROSE KILLEEN, "Colleen"

Pomeroy Junior High, First Aid, Student's Pen, Editor of Essays, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Pro-Merito, Sigma Lambda Kappa.

*As an editor Rose was a great success.  
We're wishing her future happiness.*

## KATHERINE KILLIAN, "K"

Redfield Grammar School, Pomeroy Junior High, Advertising Manager of Student's Pen, Business Manager, Prom Committee, Hop Committee, Assembly Committee, Sigma Lambda Kappa, Announcement Committee, Student's Council, Math. Specialist, Most Business Like Girl, Class Pet.

*Most business-like is jolly "K",  
She ruled the "Pen" and made it pay.*

## FRANKLYN LEARNED, "Pie"

Pontoosuc School, Football '25, '26, Hi-Y, Student's Council, Radio Club, C.M.T.C., Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Varsity Club, Announcement Committee.

*When "big boy" looks on maidens fair,  
Notice the charming smile they wear.*

## LILLIAN LEGRO

Dawes Junior High School, Pro-Merito, Glee Club, Home Room Officer, President Sigma Lambda Kappa, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Class Prima Donna.

*Lovely voice and lovely face,  
She charms the whole world with her grace.*

## DOROTHEA LOGAN, "Teddie"

Plunkett Junior High, Handwork Club, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, Etiquette Club, Noisiest Girl.

*The noisiest girl is Teddie,  
For fun she's always ready.*

## GEORGE LOVELESS, "Tiny"

Dawes Junior High, Vice-President Senior B and A Classes, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Student's Council, Orchestra, Hi-Y, Class Day Committee, Banquet Toastmaster.

*That little things are best, is true,  
We offer George as proof to you.*

## GUNNAR LOVGREN, Red

Dawes Junior High School, Etiquette Club.

*Here's to Red a happy life  
Free from sorrow, care and strife.*

## PHENELLA LYMAN, "Nella"

Rice Grammar School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Home Nursing Club, First Aid.

*Phenella's one whose joyful air  
Insures her welcome everywhere.*

## DONALD LYON, "Don"

Plunkett School, Secretary Room 5.

*Here's to Don a life of luck,  
Plenty of courage, plenty of pluck.*

## MILDRED McEACHEN

Mercer School, Radio Club, Chairman of Program Committee, Etiquette Club.

*If you would learn of etiquette,  
Ask Mildred—she can tell, you bet.*

## HELEN MCGILL

Dawes Junior High School, Current Events Club, Etiquette Club, Student's Pen, Student's Council, Class Statistics, Who's Who Committee, Class Day Speaker, Sigma Lambda Kappa, Pro-Merito.

*A clever pen, a clever brush,  
She puts to shame, makes others blush.*

## MARIO MANGO

Dawes Junior High School, Radio Club, Debating Club, C.M.T.C. Club.

*Mario you have charms a plenty  
To last you for fourscore and twenty.*

## NANCY MANGO

Dawes Junior High School, Current Events Club, Etiquette Club, Pro-Merito.

*It really is a great surprise  
That one so young can be so wise.*

## MARTHA MAY

Plunkett Junior High School, Handwork Club, Etiquette Club, Glee Club.

*I doubt if she would, but Martha May,  
One can't tell the ways of the women today.*

## JEAN MENDEL, "Skid"

Crane Junior High School, Pro-Merito, Quietest Boy.

*Quiet and competent, studious, too,  
We know that life will be good to you.*

## ELMER MERRIMAN

Crane School, *Student's Pen*, Editor Short Stories '26, Class Sage, Class Prophecy.  
*With clever word and serious mien,  
Elmer the sage is heard and seen.*

## EDWARD MORAN, "Eddie"

Dawes School, Debating Club, Etiquette Club, Varsity Club, Track '26, Banquet Committee.

*A real good sport and always ready  
For some new escapade is Eddy.*

## CLARA MUSGROVE, "Kayo"

Dawes Grammar School, Home Room Officer, Glee Club, Home Nursing, Etiquette Club, Handwork Club.

*Clara is a friendly lass,  
She has a word for all who pass.*

## NORINE NEALON, "Nenie"

St. Joseph's Grammar School, Secretary of Etiquette Club, First Aid, Home Nursing Club, Home Room Officer, Glee Club.

*She does her work and has her fun  
And is a friend to everyone.*

## KATHLEEN NOONAN, "Kay"

Plunkett Junior High School, Handwork Club, Junior Prom Committee, Sigma Lambda Kappa.

*To this gay girl of P. H. S.  
We wish a world of happiness.*

## ERNESTINE PARKER, "Ernie"

Tucker Junior High School, Handwork Club, Quietest Girl.

*Tho Ernie is outdone in mirth,  
We'll bank a lot upon her worth.*

## FRANCES PIERCE, "Fritz"

Mercer School, Glee Club, Etiquette Club.  
*For friendly word and friendly smile,  
Depend on Frances all the while.*

## GENEVIEVE POMEROY, "Gen"

Dawes Grammar School, Home Room Officer, Glee Club, *Student's Pen*, Tallest Girl, Class Day Speaker, Wittiest Girl.

*Our teachers say we should all be seeking  
This classmate's graciousness in speaking.*

## ROBERT POMEROY, "Bob"

Dawes Junior High School, Secretary of Public Speaking Club, Assistant Editor *Student's Pen*, Treasurer Junior A Class, Senior Hop Committee, Junior Prom Committee, Home Room Officer, Ring Committee, Class Day Speaker, Statistics Committee, Who's Who Committee, Pro-Merito.

*Bob Pomeroy is a clever lad,  
One of the best we've ever had.*

## FLORENCE PRESTON, "Flo"

Pomeroy Junior High, Glee Club, Prom Committee, Best Girl Dancer.

*Since dancing and happiness go hand in hand,  
You should be the happiest girl in the land.*

## EUGENE PRUYNE, "Gene"

Pontoosuc Grammar School, Home Room Committee, C.M.T.C., *Student's Pen*, Radio Club, Glee Club, Varsity Club, Senior Hop Committee, Baseball '26.

*You're one of the nicest boys we've seen,  
And we're all rootin' for you, Gene.*

## MARJORIE REDDING, "Marj"

Mercer Junior High School, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee, *Student Pen* Club, Class Picture Committee, Pro-Merito, Valedictorian, Class Fashion Plate, Model Girl Student.

*The modes and styles of latest date  
All hail! Our Senior Fashion Plate.*

## ERMA REED

Tucker Junior High School, Home Room Officer, *Student's Pen*, Editor of Exchanges '26.

*Mark my words, our Erma Reed  
Is always sure to take the lead.*

## FREDERICK ROBARGE, "Fred"

Mercer Grammar School, Pro-Merito.

*You've started well, keep going,  
Your fame will soon be growing.*

## ANNA ROSENBERG

Mercer Grammar School, Public Speaking Club, *Student's Pen*, Glee Club, Dramatics.

*When our acquaintanceship began,  
That's when we started liking Ann.*

## RICHARD RUSSELL, "Dick"

Niagara Falls High School, Football '25, '26, Track '26.

*A corking chap is Dick,  
Clever, jolly, slick.*

## LAZARUS SECUNDA

DeWitt Clinton High School, N. Y., Pro-Merito.

*The class of '27 claims  
Secunda for it's Hall of Fame.*

## WILLIAM SHIMMON, "Cap"

Mercer Junior High School, Hi-Y Officer, Prom Committee, Student's Council, Home Room Officer, Class Secretary, Pro-Merito, Model Boy Student.

*If all our students were like "Cap"  
We'd sure put Pittsfield on the map.*

## MARIAN SIMMONS, "Simon"

Dawes Junior High School, Home Room Officer, Student's Council, Glee Club, *Student's Pen*, Editor of Poetry Department, Junior Prom Committee, Ring Committee, Class Secretary, Statistics Committee, Who's Who, Class Will, Pro-Merito, Sigma Lambda Kappa, Best All Round Girl.

*To the best all round girl in the class  
We take off our hats as we pass.*

## ALICE SPEASS

Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker School, How to Study Club.

*To Alice Speass so quiet and sweet  
A future life of joy complete.*

## MERRILL TABOR

Mercer Junior High, Home Room Officer, Student's Council, Debating Club, *Student's Pen* Club, Editor of Athletics, Varsity Club, Hi-Y President, Chairman of Prom Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Ring Committee, Track '24, '25, '26, Junior and Senior Class President, Class Day Speaker, Cheer Leader, Best All Round Boy, Most Popular Boy.

*That Merrill is a knockout,  
We agree without a doubt.*

## Famous Sayings by Famous People

Prove it! Prove it! . . . . .	Norah Whitehead
I can't be bothered . . . . .	Ella Williams
What do I care? . . . . .	Marion Bastow
Patronize Our Advertisers . . . . .	Kay Killian
You'd be surprised! . . . . .	Rose Killeen
How extraordinary! . . . . .	Annie Coleman

R. Dresner

H. McGill

E. Williams

## NANCY WELLINGTON

Mercer Junior High, Etiquette Club, Public Speaking Club, Decorating Committee for Junior Prom and Senior Hop, Most Popular Girl.

*The school best knows this carefree girl  
For where she goes things sure do whirl.*

## GLADYS WELLSPEAK

Mercer Junior High, Etiquette Club, Secretary of Agat Club, Home Room President, Secretary Pro-Merito.

*Gladys is so dainty and sweet,  
No other with her could ever compete.*

## NORA WHITEHEAD

Crane Junior High School, Handwork Club, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Senior Hop Committee, Class Prophecy.

*Pretty and cute is Norah our classmate.  
At writing and lessons she ranks first rate.*

## ELLA WILLIAMS

Crane Grammar School, Handwork Club, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Prom Committee, Shortest Girl.

*An admiring little girl is Ella,  
Can she help looking up to every "fella?"*

## JOSEPH WOOD, "Joe"

Mercer Junior High School, Public Speaking Club, C.M.T.C., Glee Club, Prom Committee, Hi-Y, Noisiest Boy, Best Natured Boy, Most Carefree Boy.

*I know Joe wouldn't accept a knock,  
So I'll say, "Just a chip off the old Wood block."*

## Class Statistics

Class Baby	Anna Coleman
Class Pet	Katherine Killian
Class Pest	Raymond Boos
Class Giggler	Anna Rosenberg
Class Bluff	Raymond Boos
Class Vamp	Ruth Housman
Class Sheik	Robert Goodman
Class Fashion Plate	Marjorie Redding
Class Prima Donna	Lillian Legro
Class Musician	Arthur Bloche
Class Orator	Fred Carpenter
Class Poet	Marian Bastow
Class Artist	Helen McGill
Class Athlete	Henry Garrison
Class Sage	Elmer Merriman
Prettiest Girl	Helen Finn
Handsome Boy	Robert Goodman
Cutest Girl	Helen Finn
Cutest Boy	John Behan
Cleverest Girl	Marian Bastow
Cleverest Boy	Olof Johnson
Quietest Girl	Ernestine Parker
Quietest Boy	Jean Mendel
Noisiest Girl	Dorothea Logan
Noisiest Boy	Joe Wood
Wittiest Girl	Genevieve Pomeroy
Wittiest Boy	Fred Carpenter
Tallest Girl	Genevieve Pomeroy
Tallest Boy	Franklyn Learned
Shortest Girl	Ella Williams
Shortest Boy	George Loveless
Best All Round Girl	Marian Simmons
Best All Round Boy	Merrill Tabor
Best Natured Girl	Nancy Wellington
Best Natured Boy	Joe Wood
Most Carefree Girl	Nancy Wellington
Most Carefree Boy	Joe Wood
Best Girl Dancer	Florence Preston
Best Boy Dancer	Robert Goodman
Most Popular Girl	Nancy Wellington
Most Popular Boy	Merrill Tabor
Most Businesslike Girl	Katherine Killian
Most Businesslike Boy	Arthur Bloche
Model Girl Student	Marjorie Redding
Model Boy Student	William Shimmmon
Prettiest Bob	Anna Coleman

## Who's Who!

Class of January, 1927---Commercial

## EDNA AINLEY

*Edna Ainley is first in our class  
In English she is a bright little lass  
Although she is our latest comer,  
We welcome her among our number.*

## VIOLA AUSTIN

*Here's to Viola Austin  
Vice-president of our bank  
When anything is accomplished,  
We have Viola to thank.*

## RUTH BARNEY

*Barney is her surname  
To Ruth we wish success  
She'll reach the goal of fame  
And there find happiness.*

## GLADYS BELL

*Since she had her hair bobbed,  
Gladys is not the same.  
Visit Mr. Nugent's class  
And you'll find her name.*

## SONYA BOXER

*Although her name is Boxer,  
She's not the fighting kind.  
We knew her first as Sara  
But now she's changed her mind.*

## VIRGINIA BURNS

*A pretty girl in our class  
Is Miss Virginia Burns  
Although she is a quiet lass,  
She does us many good turns.*

## MARGARET CANNON

*Margaret is our song-bird  
And our bank president too;  
But when it comes to class work,  
She can always bluff it through.*

## WILHELMINA COYNE

*Here's to little Billy,  
You all must know Miss Coyne,  
In wishing her success,  
We know you all will join.*

## GILBERT DAY

*In our midst, we have an artist  
Gilbert Day is his full name.  
He's a perfect multigraphist  
We all wish him fame.*

## JOSEPHINE GARDEN

*Quiet, businesslike Josephine  
With dark, black hair and looks serene  
Besides these traits, she's very wise!  
And also possesses lovely eyes.*

## SAMUEL GRAUBARD

*Sam is witty.  
Sam is bright,  
And always studies  
With all his might.*

## LORETTA HAYES

*Smiling, winsome, full of fun,  
That's Loretta Hayes.  
We will remember her as one  
Who has brightened our school days.*

## ALBERTA HEBERT

*Alberta Hebert is very prim and pert.  
A nice personality,  
Plus some rascality,  
And for short, we call her "Bert".*

## ELIZABETH HOFF

*Laughing, talking, full of fun,  
Never seems to fret,  
As a future typist, she is one  
Who does the very best.*

## ADELBERT JOHNSON

*Adelbert Johnson's a very good scout;  
He's always ready to help a classmate out.  
Of his popularity  
We haven't a doubt.*

## ELIZABETH KEEGAN

*Elizabeth never has much to say,  
Yet she's a good friend in every way—  
She doesn't fool like some of us  
And never seems to make a fuss.*

## ROSE KOWSKI

*Rose is a girl of whom we're all fond,  
Quiet, sensible, and shy,  
She always excels in her writing  
For she practices—that's why!*

## CHARLES LAHEY

*The cutest boy in our class  
Is little Charlie Lahey.  
In classes he never fails to pass,  
And we don't mean maybe!*

## ANNELIESE LAMKE

*"Anneliese," a name so rare  
Belongs to one with hair so fair;  
When she sets out to do a thing,  
She always does it with a swing.*

## MARTHA MacDONALD

*From the mountain comes a lady  
Martha is her surname,  
Although she's still, she is not lazy,  
For business is her aim.*

## PATRICK MAHON

*Pat's the carrier of all school talk—  
In the basement and on the walk—  
As there's nothing he's ever missed,  
He ought to make a good journalist!*

## CELIA MANLEY

*We think Celia a very nice girl.  
She's witty, smart and gay:  
Bound to reach the very top,  
And we wish her good luck on the way.*

## RUTH MARTIN

*Not a bit bashful and not a bit shy,  
She believes in speaking her mind!  
In all her lessons her marks are high  
And when she argues, she'll leave you behind!*

## ETHEL PECK

*A cheer right now for quiet Ethel  
So modest and sedate  
Though she lives off quite a way,  
She never comes in late!*

## MARY PULLANO

*Our Mary is a dear little miss  
A very quiet one on our list.  
Mary is one of those girls so rare  
For she possesses lovely long hair!*

## DOROTHY RICE

*Dot's our Class Flapper.  
A fair one she is too.  
For what makes anyone happier  
Than to know a friend so true?*

## DOROTHY RICKHEIT

*A charming dainty little girl,  
A face surrounded by many a curl,  
She's brilliant too, there is no doubt.  
We wish her success as she starts out.*

## LAURA SCHLERATH

*Laura's an independent miss  
We know she'll gain success  
The class will join in wishing her this:  
Oceans of luck and happiness.*

## IRENE SHERIDAN

*"Sherry" is our shining light  
She's winsome, sweet, and fair  
She studies with all her might  
Such a girl is quite rare.*

## EDITH SILVER

*Curly hair and laughing eyes  
Are Edith's gifts so rare.  
We hope in life she'll realize  
Her dreams of success—and know no care!*

## EVELYN TAYLOR

*Here's to Evelyn Taylor  
A cheery and helpful classmate,  
No one could help but love her  
But, Oh, why does she come in late?*

## CATHERINE TONE

*"Tootie" is our Class President  
Winsome, sweet and coy.  
She's led us on to victory  
So we all wish her joy.*

## HARRIET WILKEY

*Quiet, sedate, modest and sweet  
Nicely describes our Harriet  
She's a clever girl at poetry  
And her stories are a treat!*

## HELEN WOLFF

*Now, we've come to a sweet little friend,  
A lovable nature, always the same  
When she calls for Class Tax, we cannot spend  
Of course now you know her name—*

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## Class History

IT was a cold February morn when a timid looking group of Sophomores, who little thought that in the years to come they would be immortalized, entered this great edifice of learning, Commercial High School of Pittsfield.

Our first day was a trial to us, but an unusual joy to our new teachers. Each and every one of the instructors remarked on our silence and bright-looking faces (for we had just scoured them that morning with soap). They predicted a brilliant future for us, which proof stands before you.

As we became Sophomore A's, our class had diminished somewhat. A brilliant member of our class, Doris Nutt by name, dropped out because of a nervous breakdown, proving that the studies of Commercial High are not so easy as many think. Many others who had entered with us were easily discouraged, and left school. But the rest of us plodded bravely on in spite of the many hardships we were compelled to endure. Our first class organization took place in this term. Ruth Martin served as a most noteworthy president, with Irene Sheridan, a very helpful right-hand, as vice-president. Sonya Boxer, then Sara Boxer, displayed her penmanship as secretary. We now chose our first class-advisor, Miss Lydia Roy who is now Mrs. McColgan. Considering that we were a poor but hard working class, we decided not to collect any dues for the present. At the end of this term the Honor and Credit Lists were placed on the boards of our home room. Miss McSweeney, our home room teacher, was greatly honored when she found that nearly every member of her class was on one or the other, proving that we were a very brilliant class, indeed.

We were now on the threshold of a promising Junior year. Another class election was in order. Our beloved classmate, Madeline Semmler, was elected our worthy president. Helen Wolff filled the position of Vice-president, Irene Sheridan, secretary, and Dorothy Rickheit acted as treasurer. We then chose a second class-advisor who proved to be Miss McSweeney. At the end of our Junior B term, our efficient shorthand teacher, Mrs. McCubbin, left us for the distant state of California. The summer vacation had at last arrived and we left school to enjoy our various vacations.

In September, we once more entered the portals of Commercial High. This time we were one step higher for we were now Junior A's. This was the most eventful year through which we were to pass. Right at the beginning there was an unusual occurrence for we were to have a man teacher, a certain Mr. Henry J. Murray, from good old Worcester. This gentleman was to be our English teacher. He was very proficient in it. At the end of the term we felt that we had gained a thorough knowledge of that great city of Worcester, even though we did not know much about the "Tale of Two Cities."

We were to give our first school dance, the Junior Prom. This too, was an exciting event. It was held in the Girls' League and was a very successful affair. At the end of our Junior year we suffered the loss of a brilliant classmate, Madeline Semmler, who was forced to leave us because of illness.

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The day that we could call ourselves Seniors dawned bright and early. How proud we were for at last we would be considered dignified. Soon after this great day passed, an important meeting for the Senior Class was held for the purpose of electing our officers for the coming term. Catherine Tone was elected president Irene Sheridan, vice-president, Elizabeth Hoff, Secretary, and to Helen Wolff was left the misery of trying to squeeze a quarter out of us each month. We also chose another class-advisor Miss Alice Downs. The time drew nigh when we reached the height of our Senior career. And now for the last time we chose our final officers. Again Catherine Tone was given the honor of being the president of this most illustrious class. Ruth Martin was vice-president, Irene Sheridan, secretary and Helen Wolff still held the pocketbook. As Thanksgiving approached the Senior A's united with the Senior B's in producing a very pleasing assembly to the student body.

Now with the approach of graduation, we realize that our days at Commercial High are numbered. Conversation is centered on dresses, banquets, class songs and autograph books. Despite the warnings of our teachers, these autograph books are in evidence everywhere. We dislike to think of it, yet it is true that the day has come when we must bid farewell to our beloved teachers and to the friends we have made during our happy high school days. We are sorry for the trouble we have caused our teachers, but hope that they will look upon it as the folly of our youth.

In bidding farewell, we wish all undergraduates success and happiness.

*Irene Sheridan*

*Elizabeth Hoff*

*Sonya Boxer*

### Last Will and Testament

**W**E, the Senior A's of the Pittsfield High School of Commerce, in the County of Berkshire, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, situated in New England supposedly of sound mind, memory, and understanding do make and publish our last Will and Testament in manner and form, mode and type following, to wit:

(1) We hereby give, devise, and bequeath to our successors the privilege of using that section of the first floor on the extreme right of Second Street entrance, namely, Room 1, as a Dance Exhibition Rendezvous, where those talented along that line may reveal their skill.

(2) One of our male members, Pat Mahon, leaves to any Senior B interested, the rear board of Room 10, for the purpose of placing pictures, news of the hour etc., that the study pupils may be amused over their originality.

(3) Those Senior A's engaged in the art of Multigraph hereby empower their successors to monopolize that corporation, called the Atlantic and Pacific Stores, for the purchasing of Ivory soap, cheap, so that after a hard period of grinding with the aforesaid machine, they may be assured of clean hands.

(4) We leave to the school as a whole the use of all stools in the typewriting room and the privilege of *center rushing* for the softest seats.

### WE BEQUEATH TO THE TEACHERS OF COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL THE FOLLOWING:

(5) To Miss Downs an eraser, attached to an electrical apparatus, for her use after the Arithmetic class has vacated Room 6.

(6) To Mr. Murray, the right to give all his future incoming English classes the title "Stick-to-it-ive-ness," for an essay.

(7) To Miss O'Bryan, the privilege of taking in shorthand, all future speeches given in the auditorium, instead of having her Seniors do so.

(8) To Miss Enright, the sole right of giving all her future typewriting classes, original assignments, such as Specifications, Jury Charges and Testimonies, so that when they leave this building they will be proficient architects, lawyers, and judges.

(9) To Miss Mangan, the exclusive right to question the Senior A's of the whys, whens, and wherefores of their experiences of the night before.

Mr. Ford: We leave the incoming Senior A's and hope that they do as good work in the office as we have in the past. Also you have our deepest sympathy in losing such an eminent, distinguished and renowned class as the Senior A's of the January Class of 1927.

Margaret Cannon leaves to Mr. Nugent the illustrious privilege of trying to find as good a Bank Trustee and President as she was and as capable a one to carry out the 100% banking each week.

There has always been that vague desire trickling through the minds of the Senior Class to perform some esteemed act or deed for the benefit of others. We heartily believe that in devising that quaint bit of architecture, occupying the corner of Fenn & Second Streets, as it now stands, subject to no decreases or increases, to the welfare of future business men and women of Pittsfield, we fulfill our last wish and desire as members of the class of Commercial High School, January, 1927.

Signed, sealed and declared by us, as witnesses, for their last will and testament in the presence of us, who at their request and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names hereunto as witnesses thereof.

Per. *January Class—1927*

Dorothy Rice, Helen Wolff, Loretta Hayes

### Address to the June Class of 1927

**I**N a few short months you will hold the same conspicuous place in the school life at Commercial High School that we hold today. It is not long since you became Senior B's, and in a few days you will be Senior A's.

There is a strong connecting link between you and us. We together form the senior class of '27, we to be known as the February class of 1927—you to be known through the years as the June Class of 1927. We have been united in school activities—our interests have been along the same line—to uphold the principles of thrift and industry as inculcated at Commercial High.

We are soon to leave, but before doing so we wish to give you some advice. You must keep to the standards of former years, and even try to make it a higher standard, for it is on our shoulders and the shoulders of all young people of today that the future of the world rests.

The day that we could call ourselves Seniors dawned bright and early. How proud we were for at last we would be considered dignified. Soon after this great day passed, an important meeting for the Senior Class was held for the purpose of electing our officers for the coming term. Catherine Tone was elected president Irene Sheridan, vice-president, Elizabeth Hoff, Secretary, and to Helen Wolff was left the misery of trying to squeeze a quarter out of us each month. We also chose another class-advisor Miss Alice Downs. The time drew nigh when we reached the height of our Senior career. And now for the last time we chose our final officers. Again Catherine Tone was given the honor of being the president of this most illustrious class. Ruth Martin was vice-president, Irene Sheridan, secretary and Helen Wolff still held the pocketbook. As Thanksgiving approached the Senior A's united with the Senior B's in producing a very pleasing assembly to the student body.

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With courage, determination and firmness of purpose, you must bend every effort to make the most of your High School Course and you will succeed—for if you will, you can.

Responsibility is a very great instrument of education, both morally and intellectually. Great men who have made their own mark in the world claim that responsibility is the first great step towards success.

We wish to leave with you our highest esteem of your worth, and to assure you that we feel confident that your inheritance of being Senior A's will be sacredly cherished.

Remember—

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good,  
Not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.

Harriet Wilkey  
Edith Silver  
Dorothy Rickheit  
Elizabeth Keegan

### The Class Prophecy

MRS. MARTIN to her children: "My, my, at last there is a letter from your sister Ruth. How thick it is. Well, it should be. The bad girl, not writing for two weeks."

Mrs. Martin opens the letter and reads:

September 13, 1933  
North Dakota.

Dear Folks:

Here I am at last! Oh, what a trip I experienced. It was wonderful. Wait until you hear. Mother, dear, I'm so glad that I accepted this post to teach. You just can't imagine how dear and ignorant the kiddies are. I'm launched at my desired work—a physical director.

Really, I have so much to write about I hardly know where to begin. As I boarded the train for the West I was startled by a familiar voice saying, "Well, Ruth Martin, aren't you on the wrong track?"

I looked at the speaker and with a cry of recognition said, "Sam Graubard, of all people! What do you mean by wearing that train uniform?"

"Didn't you know that I had been graduated from R. P. I. and landed this job as soon as I got out? You can't guess who else is on this very same train," said Sammy.

"I haven't the least idea. Who?" I inquired.

"Virginia Burns. She is on her way to Hollywood to compete with western beauties," Sam informed me.

Well, that was news indeed! How surprised I was upon entering my car to see Helen Wolff and Charles Lahey seated together. I approached them warily. Charles blushing whispered to me that he and Helen were eloping. Now, what do you think of that? I was so excited by this meeting that I fell into the nearest

chair. I soon jumped up and saw little Wilhelmina Coyne shedding tears of pain, for I had unconsciously seated myself on her. She readily forgave me and how we chatted!

It seems that Wilhelmina was on her way to Nebraska where she was to take over her dead uncle's property and where she was temporarily to make her home. The immense ranch that she had inherited was called "The Double W Ranch." Being too young to handle this affair completely alone she had hired Viola Austin to take care of the financial problems. Viola was already inspecting the ranch and hiring cowgirls.

A serious accident had happened as we neared Rochester; this made it necessary for us to stop there for train repairs. Can you imagine who the mechanic was? None other than Ruth Barney. Little, ladylike Ruth, a clever mechanic! We were certainly pleased with seeing each other and so very interested in what had happened in the years since we had gone our separate ways. Naturally it was of school days and our classmates we chatted. Ruth told me Margaret Cannon was singing opera in Paris; while Gladys Bell was married and the proud mother of adorable triplets. Just picture Gladys telling bedtime stories to three kiddies. I must visit her if I possibly can. Ruth also told me that Loretta Hayes had invented a "Loret Creme pour la Visage," guaranteed to remove pimples and other facial blemishes within five minutes. I always was confident that Loretta's name would appear in magazines and was not particularly surprised. What also was not surprising was that Sonya Boxer was the originator of the "Eat and Grow Thin" system, for Sonya was perpetually talking about food and slimness. So this was the result. A very profitable one, I must admit.

As I was to pass through Nebraska I decided to visit Wilhelmina's ranch. While enroute there both Wilhelmina and I were astonished to encounter Catherine Tone at a little wayside railway station. Catherine informed us that she was ticket agent, bookkeeper and telegraph operator and that she was receiving seventy-five dollars a week for performing these duties.

Arriving at the ranch I was nearly swept off my feet by the actions of some rude fellow who was attempting the Black Bottom on the back of a horse. This fellow upon seeing me, rolled off the horse, grabbed me around the waist and smothered me with kisses. I was so humiliated that I was unable to speak.

"Ruthie, dear Ruthie, why don't you speak," said this extremely nervy fellow.

It was no fellow at all, but my old chum Elizabeth Hoff. The same old Betty; just as impetuous as ever. Betty showed me around the ranch. On the broad prairies I noticed five cowboys on ponies coming toward us at a speed that would make Henry Ford turn pale. I remarked upon their skillful riding. When these "punchers" were near enough to distinguish their faces I exclaimed:—"Alberta Hebert, Elizabeth Keegan, Harriet Wilkey, Anna Lamke and Josephine Garden." For that is who these five fearless riders were. There were no males whatsoever located on this strictly feminine-run ranch.

You can't imagine what Celia Manley was doing nowadays. I never knew she was so daring. Celia was acting as supervisor for Wilhelmina and warded off all rustler and bandit attacks. For miles around she was known as "Tomboy Cele." It was she who brought me Edna Ainley's telegram stating that Edna would meet me at the Omaha station in two days.

Two days later the weekly Air Coach arrived which made it necessary for me to leave the big roomy ranch. I was bundled into a leather jacket and handed a pair of wind goggles by one of the two pilots of the Coach. On the third finger of his hand I noticed a strangely familiar black onyx ring. Why, it was exactly like mine. I looked again and beheld a red nose and an athletic figure. Could it be—why yes, it might be—why, of course it was none other than Patrick Mahon.

"Why, Pat, don't you recognize me? I'm Ruth Martin."

A smile spread from ear to ear upon Pat's face. The second pilot was escorted up to me by Pat who calmly stated, "My partner, Laura Schlerath."

You may be assured this air flight was a treat beyond comparison. Pat and Laura were employed by Del Johnson, who was the principal stockholder of the Trans-Continental Air-Flight Coach Company. We were soon soaring over the busy western city of Omaha. Here I was forced to leave my two old schoolmates and so with fond goodbyes we parted.

At the main entrance of the Omaha Union Station I was affectionately greeted by Edna Ainley, who was, as in the old days, brimming over with excitement. It had been two years since I had spent that eventful Commencement Week with her when she had graduated from Emerson School of Oratory. Edna had been appointed on the faculty of the University of South Dakota. This would mean we would teach at only thirty miles distance from each other. The remainder of our journey we would travel together. Edna spoke of Irene Sheridan's success as Secretary to our Ambassador to Venezuela. This position was offered her upon her graduation from Russell Sage.

It being too late to make train connections we were obliged to stay in Omaha for that night. We chose the Hotel Peck-MacDonald where we discovered we were to be the guests of two classmates—Ethel Peck and Martha MacDonald. They were the proprietresses of this western hotel. They told us that a big social event was to take place the following day. It was the wedding of our class flapper, Dorothy Rice, to a prominent young New York club man. This news meant new gowns for Edna and Ruth.

Early the following morning we went to the Mesdames Kowski and Pullano Gown Shoppe. Rose and Mary had their clerk show us Rickheit frocks that had been designed by Dorothy Rickheit. One surprise followed another for the gowns were modeled by Edith Silver and Evelyn Taylor.

Thus it was in our classmates' shop we purchased the gowns for still another classmates' wedding.

The rest of the journey was uneventful. So, dear Mother, accept this little missive as a preliminary to what time has brought forth for my classmates and me. Being so near to the majority of them I shall certainly keep in touch with them in the far away years.

The dear little youngsters are coming in from their afternoon recess so back to work I must go.

Lovingly,

Ruth.

Ruth Martin and Edna Ainley

### Commercial Banquet

#### Hotel Wendell

Toastmistress . . . . .	Cathryn Tone
Toast to the Boys . . . . .	Irene Sheridan
Toast to the Girls . . . . .	Samuel Graubard
Toast to the Faculty . . . . .	Celia Manley

Guest—Class Advisor:

Miss Downs.

Banquet Comm'ttee: Harriet Wilkey, Elizabeth Hoff, Edna Ainley, Dorothy Rice.

### Class Day Program

A very interesting and pleasing farewell program was given by the Senior A Class of Commercial High School. The assembly consisting of an impersonation of a village school room and a typical country teacher was well carried out by the students.

Miss Catherine Tone, president of the class, was the presiding officer.

Miss Elizabeth Hoff was pleasing as the country school teacher.

The following comprised the program:

History . . . . .	Sonya Boxer
Who's Who . . . . .	Virginia Burns and Alberta Hebert
What Would Happen If . . . . .	Gladys Bell
Statistics . . . . .	Dorothy Rice
Last Will and Testament . . . . .	Patrick Mahon
Prophecy . . . . .	Edna Ainley
Address to the Senior B's . . . . .	Harriet Wilkey

During the course of the program, a piano duet was played by Alberta Hebert and Evelyn Taylor. The program was concluded by singing the Class Song, which was composed by two of the pupils of Commercial, Harriet Wilkey and Ruth Martin.

### Statistics—Commercial

Class Artist . . . . .	Patrick Mahon
Class Orator . . . . .	Edna Ainley
Class Typist . . . . .	Elizabeth Hoff
Best Complexion . . . . .	Helen Wolff
Daintiest Miss . . . . .	Dorothy Rice
Class Poetess . . . . .	Harriet Wilkey
Class Father . . . . .	Patrick Mahon
Class Mother . . . . .	Elizabeth Keegan
Class Baby . . . . .	Gladys Bell
Tallest Girl . . . . .	Ruth Martin
Tallest Boy . . . . .	Samuel Graubard
Model Student . . . . .	Celia Manley
Most Business-like Girl . . . . .	Catherine Tone
Wittiest Girl . . . . .	Alberta Hebert

<i>Prettiest Eyes</i>	Evelyn Taylor
<i>Most Carefree Girl</i>	Loretta Hayes
<i>Most Carefree Boy</i>	Patrick Mahon
<i>Best Looking Boy</i>	Charles Lahey
<i>Prettiest Girl</i>	Virginia Burns
<i>Girl Athlete</i>	Ruth Martin
<i>Nicest Personality</i>	Viola Austin
<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	Patrick Mahon
<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	Irene Sheridan
<i>Class Flapper</i>	Dorothy Rice
<i>Class Gossip</i>	Margaret Cannon
<i>Best Natured Girl</i>	Alberta Hebert
<i>Class Blonde</i>	Rose Kowski
<i>Cleverest Girl</i>	Irene Sheridan
<i>Cleverest Boy</i>	Samuel Graubard
<i>Class Sunbeam</i>	Helen Wolff
<i>Best Dancer</i>	Ruth Martin
<i>Class Musician</i>	Evelyn Taylor
<i>Most Independent Girl</i>	Laura Schlerath
<i>Quietest Girl</i>	Wilhelmina Coyne
<i>Quietest Boy</i>	Charles Lahey
<i>Prettiest Hair</i>	Virginia Burns
<i>Class Prima Donna</i>	Margaret Cannon
<i>Cutest Girl</i>	Helen Wolff
<i>Cutest Boy</i>	Charles Lahey
<i>Cutest Bob</i>	Alberta Hebert

### What Would Happen If

Edna Ainley didn't make a good speech?  
 Viola Austin stopped curling her hair?  
 Ruth Barney kept quiet in Bookkeeping?  
 Gladys Bell forgot her powder puff?  
 Sonya Boxer decided how she wanted her *first* name spelled? (She had spelled it three ways in the last year).  
 Virginia Burns didn't have Ruth Barney for a pal?  
 Margaret Cannon forgot how to sing?  
 Wilhelmina Coyne talked aloud?  
 Gilbert Day wasn't in the Multigraphing Room?  
 Josephine Garden wasn't always spick and span?  
 Samuel Graubard forgot his glasses?  
 Loretta Hayes made an effort to be present *every* day of *every* week?  
 Alberta Heberta stopped giggling?  
 Elizabeth Hoff decided how she wanted to comb her hair?  
 Adelbert Johnson made a lot of noise?  
 Elizabeth Keegan lost her modesty?  
 Rose Kowski became a brunett?

Anneliese Lamke ever spoke aloud?  
 Charles Lahey grew up and became a sheik?  
 Martha MacDonald didn't have her lessons prepared?  
 Patrick Mahon forgot how to argue with the teachers?  
 Ruth Martin forgot the Charleston?  
 Celia Manley lost her school girl complexion?  
 Ethel Peck didn't ask you for your nickel, Friday?  
 Mary Pullano bobbed her hair?  
 Dorothy Rice ever brought a book home?  
 Dorothy Rickheit lost her speed in typewriting?  
 Irene Sheridan wasn't valedictorian of our class?  
 Edith Silver stopped chewing gum?  
 Evelyn Taylor ever came to school before 8:29½?  
 Catherine Tone resigned from her office of president?  
 Harriet Wilkey couldn't find "Toots" Tone?  
 Helen Wolff forgot to ask for your class tax?

(The Three Bees)

G. Bell, V. Burns, R. Barney

### A Lunchroom Table

G. Lovgren: "Do Mrs. Cullen's glasses magnify?"  
 F. Gasson: "I suppose so."  
 G. Lovgren: "Well, I wish she'd remove them when she cuts the cake."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 J. Conry: "Why did the editor faint?"  
 M. Mango: "The board of censors accepted his poem."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Miss Power: "What does the prefix 'mag' mean?"  
 J. Wood: "Large"  
 Miss Power: "Give me a word containing this stem and use it in a sentence."  
 J. Wood: "I like magpies."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 R. Houseman: "What is boiler consumption?"  
 Art Fiel: "Gosh, I didn't know that boilers had consumption."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 B. Pomeroy: "Do you know that your shoes could tell a wonderful industrial story?"  
 D. Russel: "Mine couldn't. Both of their tongues are tied."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 E. Pruyn: "Do you smell anything funny around here?"  
 W. Shimmon: "Yes, what is it?"  
 E. Pruyn: "That's E. Merriman warming up some stale jokes."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 H. Volin: "If I say, 'I am handsome,' what tense shall I use?"  
 D. Lyon: "The past."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 N. Wellington: "Did you rent that tuxedo?"  
 R. Pomeroy: "No, but every time I stooped, I thought I would."

Gladys B ell  
 Dorothy R ice  
 Edna A I nley  
 He L en Wolff  
 Charles L ahey  
 Harriet W I lkey  
 Eliz A beth Keegan  
 Virgi N ia Burns  
 Evelyn T aylor

Edith S ilver  
 Catherin E Tone  
 Wilhelmi N a Coyne  
 Joseph I ne Garden  
 Rose K O wski  
 Dorothy R cikheit

Margaret C annon  
 Samue L Graubard  
 Lorett A Hayes  
 Irene S heridan  
 Laura S chlerath

Sonya B O xer  
 Betty Ho F f

Martha Ma C Donald  
 Adelbert J O hnson  
 Ruth M artin  
 Celia M anley  
 Etehl P E ck  
 Ma R y Pullano  
 Patri C k Mahon  
 Annal I se Lamky  
 Albert A Hebert  
 Gi L bert Day

Vi O la Austin  
 Helen Wol F f

1 9 2 7



### Pittsfield 15--Adams 11

Pittsfield High ushered in the 1926-27 basketball season properly by defeating Adams High on their own court 15-11. Adams led 4-3 at the end of the first quarter, but Pittsfield fought hard, and, from the end of the second quarter until the final whistle, the Pittsfield five held the upper hand. The game was hotly contested as is proved by the fact that thirty-one personal fouls were called. P. H. S. deserves much credit for their win over the Adams five, which is considered one of the best teams in the North Berkshire League this year. Bruno and Froio played a great game for Pittsfield, while Grant excelled for Adams.

### Agawam 22--Pittsfield 18

Pittsfield High was defeated by the smooth working Agawam five in the initial basketball game of the season. Pittsfield played the better game in the first quarter and was ahead when the half was over. Agawam, however, broke lose in the second half and was soon in the lead to stay. The Agawam boys had the edge on Pittsfield, having played two or three games already and having found themselves. The P. H. S. quintet gave a nice exhibition considering the fact that it was the first real game in which they had played together. With more teamwork Pittsfield will develop a good scoring machine which should give a good account of itself in the league contests.

John Condron '27

### P. H. S. 23--Alumni 13

P. H. S. defeated the Alumni Saturday, January 1st in a one-sided contest by the score of 23-13. During the first quarter the high school boys looked like champions, leading by the score of 11-1. In the latter part of the game the Alumni played much better, but could not overcome the lead the students had obtained. Ralph Froio played well for P. H. S., scoring most of the points, while Campion and Rose starred for the graduates.

Robert Burns '28

### Lettermen of February

Pittsfield High will lose many stellar athletes by graduation this February. Each one has figured prominently in the particular branch of sport in which he has participated. Several have been stars and have been chosen on all-Berkshire teams. The following are to be graduated and have done their bit for P. H. S.:

#### In Football

Ted Combs played football during 1923-'24-'25 and was chosen captain for the season of great achievements, 1926. Harold Ano participated in football for three seasons, 1924-'25 and '26. "Hank" Garrison represented P. H. S. on the gridiron during 1924-'25-'26. "Pie" Learned played on the team for two years, '25-'26. "Dick" Russell was on the line during 1925-'26.



THE CHAMPIONS OF BERKSHIRE COUNTY

### In Basketball

P. H. S. will lose a hard player in "Hank" Garrison, who played and also captained the team during 1925-'26.

### In Baseball

"Ted" Combs has played during 1924-'25-'26. In the latter year "Ted" led the team throughout the season. "Hank" Garrison also played during 1926.

### In Track

Merrill Tabor, who participated in sports on the Track team for three years 1924-'25-'26, will be graduated. Eddie Moran and Dick Russell who also represented the school during 1926 and "Hank" Garrison who was a member in 1925 will leave the school for other fields of endeavor.

*John Condron, '27*

### Best Sellers

The Bright Star	Helen McGill
The Man Hater	Rose Killeen
Romeo and Juliet	Anna Coleman Fred Carpenter
An American History	Ernie Parker
Charleston Stepper	Rose Dresner
So Big	Ella Williams
Within the Law	Merrill Tabor
Age of Innocence	Nancy Mango
Under The Country Sky	Jeanette Beers
Go Getters	Kay Killian and Staff
The Beauty of the Purple.	P. H. S.

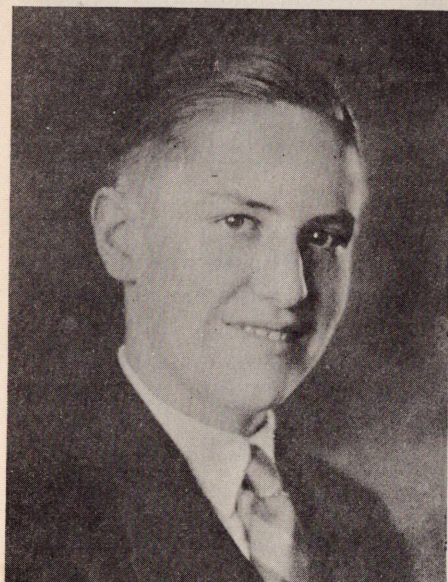
### Junior Prom

ON the evening of January fourteenth the first and most brilliant of our mid-winter social activities—namely the Junior Prom was given, in honor of our worthy Seniors, by the class of February, '28. Thru the untiring efforts of Mr. Rudman, the class advisor, of the several go-getting committees, and the kindness of Rice and Kelly's furniture store, who supplied furniture for our coziest of cozy corners, the dance was certainly a social success.

The Midnight Owls furnished the music which consisted chiefly of snappy fox trots. At about ten-thirty refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cookies and punch, were served.

Our patrons included Mr. and Mrs. Strout, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, members of the faculty, and of the School Committee. We are certain that they will remember the Prom as one of the best school dances ever.

*M. Doris Cullen '28*

**Our New Editor**

The new Editor-in-chief of "The Student's Pen" is John Walker, a member of the June class of 1927. John has been a member of the Pen club during all but six months of his high school career, and has distinguished himself by his ability to write short stories, one of which was accepted almost as soon as he entered high school, a signal honor. We are sure that he will continue to be successful in his new position, and the "Pen", under its new management, will go on with flying colors toward those "bigger and better things" which are its aim.

The success of the "Pen" is indeed assured if its staff is as willing and capable as the one with which we have worked, and we hope that every member

of "The Student's Pen" club will accept our true gratitude and sincere thanks.

For Miss Madeline Pfeiffer, for her never failing kindness and courtesy, for her pleasant smile and delightful personality, for her timely advice and cheerful cooperation, we have only gratitude, and love, and praise. She will always be one of our dearest memories, a faithful advisor and a true friend.

*The Editor-in-Chief*

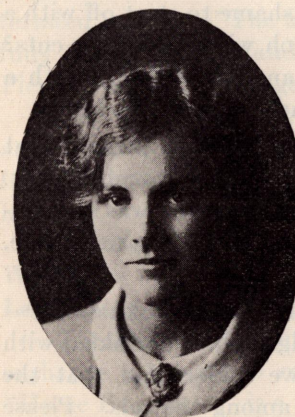
MARION H. BASTOW  
EDITOR OF THE STUDENT'S PEN  
1926-1927



*The Quartette that for three years  
made the financial life of  
The Pen possible*



KATHERINE KILLIAN  
*Business Manager*



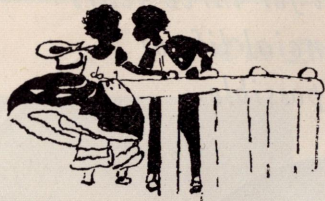
HELEN FINN



MARJORIE REDDING



MARGARET KILLEEN



## Exchanges

A.M.C.

### Our Bouquets and Brick-Bats

*The Axis*, North Adams, Mass.—There is an indescribable charm about your magazine; what a pity that charm doesn't happen to be an epidemic. And your cuts are one of the most outstandingly good things about you, Axis. We'd like you to call on us more often, if you please.

*The Red and White*, Rochester, N. H.—“Drops of Ink, make you Think” is an appropriate heading for that section of your paper—we like those little bits of wisdom. “Taps” was a pretty thing, and the “Stolen Story” just breathed originality. A well-edited magazine.

*The Deerfield Arrow*, South Deerfield, Mass.—It's a shame to start off with a brickbat, we'll admit, but we think we must. Where, oh where are your cuts? there wasn't even one, and we couldn't find your exchange department with a microscope, and so concluded that there wasn't any to find, a logical conclusion.

*The Evening School Voice*, Cincinnati, Ohio—We were ever so pleased that you chose to get acquainted with us—looking over your paper was such a treat. Your departments are very unique, and our only disappointment was the discovery that you'd forgotten your exchanges. You'll remember them next time, won't you?

*The Racquet*, Portland, Maine—We hope you will pardon our frankness but—we had hoped to find the magazine representing your high school sprinkled with cuts of every shape and manner—we didn't! And we understand that the standard school paper disapproves of scattering jokes among the ads. Please don't think that we're roasting you, *Racquet*—we're really not, and we should enjoy you as a permanent exchange, if you would care to bother with us.

*The Orange Peels*, Orange, Mass.—One look at your magazine was sufficient to induce us to accept your exchange editor's offer of exchange. We'd be delighted.

*The Argus*, Gardner, Mass.—Your “Grinds” are always an evident reminder of the fact that somewhere there is such a thing as a school where people are human, and where some happenings are funny. You're so refreshing, *Argus*.

*The Catamount*, Bennington, Vt.—We liked “On Growing Up”—it was so natural. You certainly have the other schools trimmed as far as the Jokes cut is concerned—it's the cleverest ever. Your exchange cut is attractive, but, couldn't you increase that department a wee bit, we wonder?

*The Monitor*, Wellesley, Mass.—Your School Notes and Alumni are pleasingly extensive, but the exchanges are so “squeezed in”—it hardly seems fair.

*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.—If we hadn't inspected your Board of Editors, we should know that you were managed by boys—you're so hopelessly masculine. However, overlooking your conspicuously absent poetry section, we congratulate you on your well composed material.

*The English High School*, Boston, Mass.—Your cuts and cartoons are always so distinctly different, but poems are sadly missing from your make-up. “The Dreamer” showed skill and was actually “thrilling.”

*The Jeffersonian*, Rochester, N. Y.—The cover of your Thanksgiving number was very appealing. “An Excuse” brought forth a succession of hearty laughs, even the most bored in all boredom couldn't suppress a grin at that. But we suggest that you give more distinction to your various departments.

*The Winooski High School Banner*, Winooski, Vt.—“What is Good” was a sweet thing, and every bit the truth. We'd like more poetry tho', if you please.

*The Salemica*, New Salem, Mass.—“One Exciting Night” was indeed exciting—in all our travels we never heard of such a bad-mannered burglar. We think that if you settled all your poems in one section we should like you better, *Salemica*.

*The Mill Wheel*, Miss Mill's School, Pittsfield, Mass.—You are the “youngest magazine on our list, and you are so totally different that we are honestly interested in you. “The Saga of Paderewski” was vividly impressive in its carefully chosen words, and your poems are unusual for such youthful authors. Please come our way again sometime.

*The Garnet and White*, West Chester, Pa.—Your cover gives an inviting atmosphere to your magazine. Doubtless your fine cartoons will make you famous one of these days. Your editorials might be longer and more numerous, however.

*The Signal*, Columbia, Tenn.—We were much pleased to hear from you again. We'd quite begun to think that you'd forgotten us entirely. A newsy little paper. Let us hear from you often.

*The Magnavox*, Manchester, Mass.—We couldn't find you anywhere on our exchange list, and so concluded that you were new,—but you're listed now. “Home Economics” is a unique idea. We enjoy knowing you immensely.

*The Scroll*, Toledo, Ohio—Your winter number had the most exquisite frontispiece, and, in fact, the whole thing measured right up to the notches on our yardstick. A well planned paper.

*The Academy Scholium*, Overbrook, Pa.—Your Christmas issue introduced you to us, and we are so glad. Your magazine was charming from cover to cover. Come again, please.

*The Lore*, Lewistown, Pa.—Your exchange cut is one of the most attractive that we have seen. We don't approve of sprinkling jokes among the ads, otherwise we like you.

Erma Reed, Exchange Editor

### Their Bouquets and Brick-Bats

*The Student's Pen*—We think that “Life's Highway” was too heroic in style. The short stories were all very good. The “Book Lover's Corner” is without doubt an excellent idea if you have sufficient space. You seem to have an abun-

dance of high-class poets, which is a great asset to any magazine. Why not let a few cartoons brighten your pages? The favorable impression made by your very distinctive cover was justified by the contents. Good work!—*The Record*, Boston, Mass.

*The Student's Pen*—A wealth of interesting material was contained in the October issue. Beginning with "Life's Highway", an excellent editorial, and thruout the entire paper we were impressed by your numerous, well written departments. Congratulations on your very interesting literary department.

*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.

*The Student's Pen*—We compliment you on your clever magazine cover. Your various department headings are fine, also.—*The Racquet*, Portland, Maine.

*The Student's Pen*—The articles in the literary department in the Hallowe'en number are some of the most interesting we have ever read in a high school paper. We believe your publication to be an excellent paper and one of which your school should be proud.—*The Magnavox*, Manchester, Mass.

*The Student's Pen*—It possesses fine departments. There is little chance for criticism. The poems are good.—*The Argus*, Gardner, Mass.

*The Student's Pen*—You have a well arranged paper. Your literary department is especially interesting.—*The Signal*, Columbia, Tenn.

*The Student's Pen*—Anyone could be proud of that pen. There's one paper I can't find anything wrong with.—*The Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.

*The Student's Pen*—Your Literary Department is one of the best we have received. You have a fine collection of poems. The Exchange Department is excellent. The whole paper in general is fine.—*The Taconic*, Williamstown, Mass.

R. Dresner: "Well it be all right to put these violets in water?"

Clerk: "They're guaranteed not to shrink."

\* \* \* \*

E. Gasson: "They say that this new machine will do the work of forty girls."

D. Ford: "Yes, but who wants a date with a machine?"

\* \* \* \*

Coach: "Are you going to run the mile or the two mile?"

Bob Goodman: "I don't know yet. I can tell better after the first mile."

\* \* \* \*

Father: "Your talk is just like a musical scale."

M. Bastow: "Why?"

Father: "You begin with dough and end with dough."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Russell: "When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

J. Conry: "I think the greatest change is in the price."

\* \* \* \*

F. Robarge: "Listen."

J. Beers: "Why, I don't hear anything."

F. Robarge: "I know it; that's Johnson giving an address."

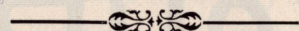
\* \* \* \*

J. Hollister: "What are you taking for that cold of yours?"

F. Combs: "Only advice."



BEST REGARDS  
TO THE  
..Graduates..



*Colonial Pharmacy*  
152 South Street

*Photographs*

Graduates desiring individual photographs are cordially invited to visit the Studio and inspect our work.

AS USUAL

*We are making a Special Price to Graduates*



Studio at 139 North St.

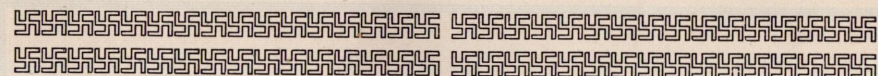
Phone 4428 for an appointment

GEORGE W. HENZEL, *Prop.*

*SPRING*

Your favorite season is scheduled to make its entry in another month. But it is not necessary to sit back resignedly waiting for March to make its appearance before you may acquire some of that delicious spring feeling. You can get it in new clothes, new spring clothes that are already here! The fashion story for spring is almost though not quite complete in these new frocks and wraps on display. These first garments have dozens of style notes you will recognize as brand new.





## POPULAR VARIETY

EVERYTHING THAT'S FINE.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE FOUND IT OUT

AND WHEN THEY SEE THE SIGN,

THEY ALWAYS HURRY OVER

TO JOIN THE WAITING LINE.



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## IT IS A REAL EDUCATION TO VISIT THE ELECTRIC SHOP

For here you learn of the newest in appliances and see what is being done to make work easier for all.

Our assortment of appliances includes personal as well as household articles and these are made by concerns which guarantee them—and we add our own guarantee.

Drop in some time soon whether you come to buy or to look around, it is a pleasure to show you what we have.



## PITTSFIELD ELECTRIC CO.

Electric Shop

Phone 947

## WILL YOU GO THRU THE YEAR "HITTING ON ALL CYLINDERS?"

At the close of the new year's first month is a good time to strengthen your determination to go through the twelve months "hitting on all cylinders"

Resolutions made at the New Year  
usually don't count for much

Perhaps the close of the first month  
is a good time to begin

No matter what resolutions you have made,  
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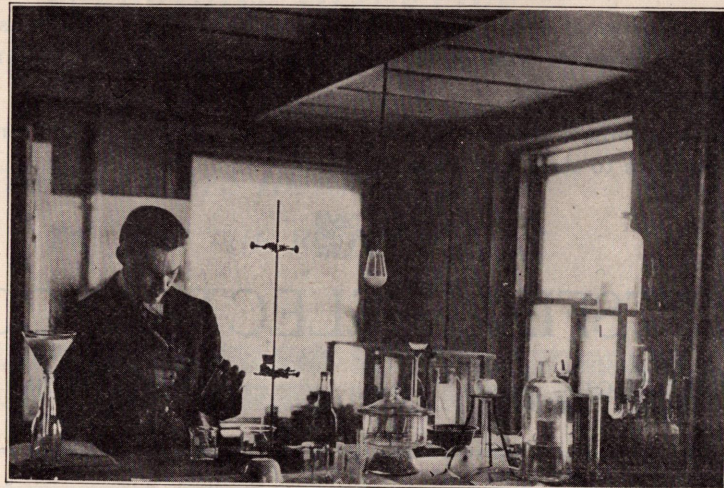
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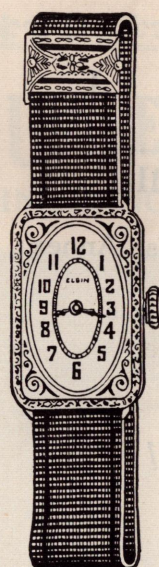
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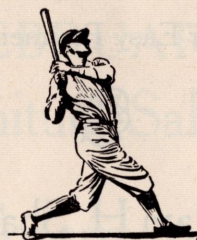


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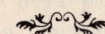
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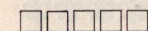
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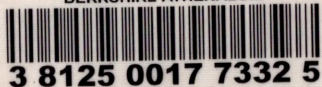
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